THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1874 by R. J. C. Walker, Publisher and Proprietor, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. All rights reserved.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Vol. LIV. R. J. C. WALKER, No. 727 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1874. Three Dollars a Year, in Advance. No. 13.

OCTOBER.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Conquest flushed, like a warrior bold,
On his mettlesome steed, October brown,
Over the hills, the valleys adown,
Rideth;
Trampling the rustling leaves of gold
As his steed he onward guideth.

At every tramp of his charger's hoof
He buries a treasure and mutters a charm,
And the wandering wind a jubilant psalm
Singeth;
Whilst mischievous frost sprites stand aloof,
Nor harm the seed that he flingeth.

But the night-stars whisper to him who wakes
A deeper meaning than dreamers can read,
"Life shall arise from the buried seed;
Then know,
That Death gives Life for the Life he takes,
As Nature doth forth show."

Tramp through the orchard, each bough low bends
Laden with treasure October to greet,
Eager its blushing wealth at his feet
To pour;
For the kindly smile that on all he sends
Hath made him a king twice o'er.

Then when the fire crackles and logs bright blaze,
And Hallowe'en nuts are burning slow,
And mirrors to maidens their lovers show,
Fill up!
And drain to jolly October's praise,
A cup that he's kissed, a parting cup.

"To the surprise of all, Dick went out over the rim of the top, while the sailors cheered him loudly."

GENTLEMAN DICK;

OR,

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

A Story of Scenes and Adventures in the North Pacific.

By Captain Clewline.

CHAPTER I.

THE COMPACT.

A man, muffled to the eyes, paused a moment before a low sailors' haunt in West street, in the city of New York, and satisfied himself that no one was watching, before he plunged into the dark and filthy place. It certainly was not an inviting neighborhood, and a man who had any regard either for his character or his purse, might well hesitate before trusting himself within. It was getting dark, but not quite dark enough to make the street very dangerous as yet. Satisfied that no one was watching him, he disappeared in the low doorway, and entered a damp, cave-like bar-room, in which a number of sailors were seated at low tables, playing cards and drinking the filthy liquor retailed over the bedaubed and slimy bar. A villainous looking fellow, with shaggy hair and beard, and deep set, twinking eyes, stood behind the bar, ready to deal out his villainous compounds at a moment's notice. He looked hard at the man as he entered, but as he did so, received a signal which he understood, and the man passed on, pushed aside the curtain which covered an entrance at the end of the bar, and went in.

Here a slatternly-looking woman, a fitting mate for the man behind the bar, met him, and asked what he wanted.

"Is Dan Forsythe here?" he said, in a voice which was evidently disguised.

"Yes."

"I want to see him."

"If you want to see him, you've got a word to say to me to prove that you are the right man."

"That word is—'kidnapped.'"

"Good enough, you see Dan don't dare to show, because he's had heaps of trouble in this little 'burg, and there is no telling how soon the cops may get after him; so he has to keep close, mister. Come this way."

He followed her through a long, dark passage, and she rapped at a low door, set in the wall. A gruff voice bade them enter, and they found themselves in complete darkness.

"Why don't you have a light, Dan?" said the visitor, peevishly. "You ought to know better than to make a man come stumbling into such a place as this, in the dark."

"Might fall against something sharp, eh?" said the invisible Dan. "Yes, yes; you are right, Mr. ——"

"Not my name, sir!" cried the man, sharply. "Be careful what you say."

"I ain't *quite* a fool," replied Dan, "if I am a sailor. I was going to say Mr. Phillips, when you stopped me."

"Phillips is as good a name as any other," said the visitor. "Do we need this woman, Dan?"

"No, we don't. And Sally, just you listen to me. We don't want no listening at the door. If I chance to open it and find you there, it will be dreadful bad for you; that's all I've got to say."

Phillips slipped a bill into the woman's hand, at the touch of which she ceased to grumble, and went out, closing the door behind her. Dan turned to a shelf behind him and turned on the slide of a lamp, in such a way that it fell full upon the face of his visitor, leaving his own in the shadow; but when he saw how closely the other was muffled, he burst into a hoarse laugh.

"We are both rather careful, Mister *Phillips*," he said. "I don't blame you for that, because it is ticklish business, and it would not be pretty to get nabbed. Have you come prepared to settle?"

"Wait a moment; have you shipped on the Dolphin?"

"Yes, I have."

"Is everything in trim, so that the captain will not be surprised when he comes on board?"

"Yes, I've fixed all that. I told the captain that this boy is a hard customer, and his friends have decided to send him on a whaling voyage, as the only way to keep him out of prison. I have told him that the boy is a perfect little fiend, and that in a fit of rage he half killed a schoolmate, over a game of ball. Our old man is mighty easy fooled, and he took in my talk like the milk of a cocoanut. He says that if he does not break in this boy before the cruise is up he will kill him. In fact, Mr. Phillips, after we once get him on board, it will go hard, but one way or another, the captain shall take my work out of my hands."

"Let us understand each other. You are to take this boy to sea with you, and for that part of the work you are to receive one thousand dollars, paid in hard cash, when he is on board."

"True as preaching; that's the game exactly."

"Once at sea, he is exposed to a series of dangers which may carry him off at any moment, and I have an interest in his death. I am so interested, in fact, that I would pay well for news that he *is* dead."

"Ha!"

"I would give two thousand dollars in money to the man who should bring me proof positive that the boy will never come back to trouble me upon this earth."

"You hate him, then?" said Dan.

"Hate him! I tell you that it is slow madness to see him daily preferred to me, and to know that the wealth which is mine by right is to go to him, and I am to be a pensioner upon his bounty while I live! A man, full grown, under the thumb of a boy of nineteen! I hate him so, that if he were brought in dead at this minute I should be almost sorry that I had no hand in it!"

"You do hate him," said the sailor, slowly. "I can't understand a hate like that, and I don't like it, even in the man that pays me well. But I don't want to draw back, and I am not going to, either. When will you be in New Bedford?"

"Whenever you say; he is in New York with me now."

"We sail with the tide three days from this, and you must be on hand. I've got five boys out in the bar-room, who make this voyage with me, and we are going down the coast to-night in a schooner. We might take him with us from here, if you like."

"If I had known this before I would have had the thing done here. Can't you wait one more day, Dan?"

"Not a bit; I've got work to do on board the Dolphin, and all this is only by-play. If I make anything, good; but my work is on the ship, and I'm going to do that, anyhow. Bring him to New Bedford, and put up at the 'Ship.' If he don't sleep in the 'brig' of the Dolphin on the third night from this, then I am a lunk-headed fool."

"That part done I will pay you the money. Here is a hundred dollars on account, for you may need something to carry you through."

"I always take money when it is offered," said Dan, accepting the cash and thrusting it into his pocket. "A thousand dollars is pretty good, but I'd like to finger that other two thousand, and then I'd buy a share in a good whaler and work on my own hook."

"Why not have the money, then; it is yours for the taking," said Phillips, dropping his voice low, as if afraid that the walls would hear.

"What d'ye mean?"

"I say why should you not have this money if you want it?"

"It would be funny if *I* should bring you the news that he is dead," replied Dan, with his black eyes fixed intently upon the tempter's face.

"He'll be in the same ship with you," persisted Phillips. "A thousand things might happen to him at sea. A wave might sweep the decks, a foot-rope break, a block fall from aloft. Pshaw! It seems to me that you *ought* to be the one to bring me the news, since you are the only one who can know the interest I take in it."

"I *will* bring it!" cried Dan, suddenly, as if giving away to temptation. "The boy shall never come back to trouble you."

"Do you swear to that?" cried Phillips, eagerly, leaning across the table.

"Yes."

"Give me your hand on it."

They extended their hands, and the savage compact was made. Whoever they plotted against had reason to fear when Dan Forsythe was on his track.

CHAPTER II.

RICHARD NEWTON VISITS THE DOLPHIN.

The Dolphin, Thomas Manning master, lay off New Bedford, ready for her three years' cruise in the home of the master of the deep, the sperm whale. A rare old sea dog was Captain Tom Manning, a man who had spent forty years of his life upon the sea fighting with leviathan. None knew so well as he the secrets of his strange trade, or how to turn them to the best advantage. He was at home upon the sea, but upon land nearly as helpless as a child, and as thoughtless. A man who did no wrong to his brother man, he never looked for wickedness in others. Deep plotting was something beyond his comprehension, and hence it was easy to overreach him. At sea he was an obstinate autocrat, and no man governed a ship with a firmer hand or was more ready with a belaying-pin or a hand-spike at need.

Here he is now, stamping about on the clean decks, wafting some very impolite language at some "dockwollopers" who are just leaving the ship, and who have made him furious by their charges for the work they have done. It is unnecessary to write what he said, because in his cooler moments Captain Tom would be ashamed of himself.

But the dockmen could give him back language equal to his own, and for ten minutes the air seemed to turn sulphurous about the Dolphin, as she swung at her anchor, with the "old man"—as the sailors call the captain—stamping about on the quarter-deck.

"You, Jack Dinsmore," roared the captain, as he saw one of the hands grinning at him, "do you happen to know where the main to'gallant crosstrees are on board a ship of this size?"

"I guess I can find 'em," said Jack, with a sneaking look. "I've been there afore, sir."

"Shin up there, then, and stay there until six bells. I'll take the grin out of you, afore we get 'round the Horn."

"But, Capt'n," said Jack, pulling his forelock, "if I may be so bold as to speak, do you know what I was laughing at?"

"At me, you useless lubber."

"No, sir; I was just bustin' to think how you was givin' it to them dockwollopers! I couldn't help it, sir, if you was to mast-head me till the cows come home; I really couldn't."

"Oh; if that was it, Jack, I guess you may stay below. I can't stand impertinence on my own quarter-deck."

"I didn't mean it as sich," said Jack, with a sea scrape of the foot and a tug at his forelock.

"Very well; go down to the steward, and say that you are to have a glass of grog, by my orders. Let him mix it to suit you; no seven water grog, you know."

Jack had sailed under Captain Tom long enough to know his ways, and had escaped punishment neatly. He went down to the steward, while the captain, considerably cooled down, resumed his walk upon the deck. He was impatient to be at sea, now that all was ready, for your true sailor cannot live long upon the land. Ah, no; he longs for the long stretch of blue water, the ship swinging like a cradle, the sea-birds overhead, and the "look out" in the to'gallant forecastle, watching for whales.

"Here, Dan," he cried, calling to a man who was superintending some work over the whale boats. "Leave that work to Bill, and come here."

The man, who was his first mate, started up from the boat and came forward. It was Dan Forsythe, the person who had made the compact with Phillips, in that New York den of thieves.

Looking at his face, it was hard to believe that he would be guilty of so base and cruel an act, for Dan Forsythe was the very picture of a sailor. His well knit frame was one mass of cord and sinew, and there was a willowy grace about every movement of his body, which told that he was a man of remarkable activity. His face was browned by exposure to the sun and wind of many climes, but it was not bad. On the contrary, there was a look in his eyes which was pleasant, were it not for a certain firm compression of his upper lip, which spoke of selfishness.

"Where is this lady's maid you are going to bring aboard, Dan; I mean this boy that shoots off pistols at his mates?"

"He is at the "Ship," replied Forsythe.

"Have you seen him?" asked the captain.

"No; I took his brother's word for it that he is a hard case."

"I guess you may as well go down to the "Ship" and see him. Tell Mr. Fenton that we sail with the flood, and the boy must be on board at the time, or I sail without him."

Dan nodded, and walked forward and ordered out a crew for his boat. In ten minutes he was on the wharf, and sent back the boat, telling the harpooner, a gigantic half blood Kanaka, to be waiting for him at five in the evening, unless called for sooner by a pistol shot from the wharf.

A strange man was this Kanaka, a man so powerful that it was seldom, indeed, when he lifted a harpoon that the steel point failed to penetrate the "life." In height he reached nearly six feet and three inches, and his muscles rose upon his rugged arms and legs like knotted cords. His face was crossed and seamed with tattoo, for he had lived many years in the Cannibal Isles before he took up the harpoon on board a whaler. The life suited him, for he was naturally of a fierce disposition and must kill something; better whales than men. His name was Tatai Manutu, abreviated by the sailors to "Tatty."

"All right," said Tatty, "I'll be here on time, surely. Push off there, you Ben; what you fooling for? Want to get back and pack my dunnage."

"Tatty will be a good man to help me, if it comes to a pinch," said Dan to himself, as he walked rapidly up the wharf. "There is no better harpooner in all the whaling fleet, and as for killing a man, that is a small matter to him."

A short walk brought him to the "Ship" inn, and entering the office, he found it crowded with merchants, captains, mates and sailors, most of whom were preparing to sail, and were settling up with the landlord, who was busy over his books. A steaming jug of hot punch stood on the counter, to which each man, as he settled his bill, applied himself industriously. Seated near the window on the left of the main door, in entering the office, were two persons, a man perhaps twenty-five years of age, and a boy not much more than sixteen. The man had a handsome face, rather dark, it is true, with black curling hair and a full beard. Yet there was something about him, in spite of his rich dress and polished ways, which inspired a feeling of dread.

The boy was a straight built, remarkably handsome young fellow, with curling brown hair, and bold, determined eyes. He was very stoutly framed for his age, and an adept in all sorts of games, having been trained until his muscles were well developed, and it would have taken a smart man to handle him. In his school he was the acknowledged leader, and no one dared to dispute his judgment. Not that he was quarrelsome, by any means, but among boys as among men, there are acknowledged leaders, boys who seem formed by nature as such, and take the lead as their natural right. He was neatly dressed, not gaudily, but in good taste, and seemed to be careful in his attire; there is a difference between dandyism and neatness.

"I never set my foot on a whale ship in my life, Phil," said the boy, just as Dan came in, "and I should like it above all things. Can't you go with me for an hour or so, and visit one? You know a good many captains and mates."

"I'm very sorry, Dick," replied the man addressed as Phil. "You know that I have an engagement which I must keep, and which will occupy me most of the day. How do you do, Forsythe? This is my brother Richard, of whom you have heard me speak. Dick, this is the first mate of the Dolphin, a man who can tell you more about whale ships than any person in New Bedford."

"I like the cut of your jib, my boy," said Forsythe, shaking hands with Richard Fenton, "and if there is anything I can do to make your stay in New Bedford pleasant, between this and the next tide, I'm your man. Did you say you wanted to seee a whale ship?"

"I'd like it above all things, Mr. Forsythe, only Phil is busy to-day, and cannot take me. I'm something of a sailor myself, you understand, for I've got my own yacht on the "bay," and if I do say it, I know how to sail her."

"Why not let me take him aboard the old Dolphin, and show him the ropes," said Dan, looking at the elder brother.

"Do you think you could keep him safe?" replied Philip, in a meaning tone. "I don't like to let him go alone, if you are not sure."

"I'll not leave him for a moment, Mr. Fenton," replied Dan. "I'm off duty for a few hours, and I can spare a little time for him."

"Then I'll leave you to your own destruction," said Fenton, looking at his watch. "I'll not be back until ten this evening, Dick; don't stroll about much after dark, and keep out of the water. Take good care of him, Forsythe."

"I *will*," replied Dan, pointedly, "as good care as even *you* could wish."

A strange smile passed over the face of Phillip Fenton as he turned away, for the cruel plot which he had formed was about to be accomplished.

"I'll go up to my room and get another hat," said Dick. "This one will go in the first puff of wind."

The boy hurried up stairs, and the two men looked each other in the face. Not a word was spoken, but when they shook hands, a small bundle of notes remained in the broad palm of Dan Forsythe. It was the second payment for his crime, which was about to be accomplished. Philip was gone when Dick came into the room, and the mate led the way from the hotel, and they strolled down to the waterside, where Dan signaled a boat, which quickly took them in. Dick, sitting in the stern sheets, could not help admiring the clean white boat, and the beautiful stroke, which sent her through the water like a rocket.

"Nothing like a whale boat for strength and speed," said Dan, "and I'll back this crew against the world. Look at Tatty, there; did you ever see such a man?"

"Is he white?" whispered Dick.

"You can't tell easy, under the tattoo, can you? His father was a Yankee sailor, that cut and run from his ship and took up with life among the Maories. They do say that he got to be as big a cannibal as any of them, and he married a daughter of the king, so you see Tatty is a prince in his own right."

"He looks it; 'every inch a king.'" said Dick, spouting his favorite author. "Is he a harpooner, then?"

"I should think he was. Tatty, this young man wants to know if you are a harpooner?"

"I'll show him," replied Tatty, starting to his feet with his harpoon in his hand, raised high above his head. As he stood in that attitude, the steel point of the harpoon flashing in the sun, Dick thought of the fables he had read in heathen mythology, and compared him to Neptune, the god of the sea. Floating upon the surface of the calm water, perhaps a hundred feet distant, was a piece of board not more than two feet square."

"Look at the board!" cried Tatty. "Yes, I am a harpooner."

As he spoke the harpoon went flashing through the air, and a dull thud was heard. The line was hauled in, and the piece of pine was found impaled upon the barbed point.

"I'd give a year from my life, if I could," cried Dick, in a tone of the greatest excitement, "to see you strike a whale. It must be glorious sport to kill the greatest animal upon the face of the earth or sea."

"I call a whale a *fish*," said Dan Forsythe.

"You might just as well call a walrus a fish," replied Dick, who, like most boys, liked to air his knowledge of books. "The whale is a mammal, or among the class that suckle their young at the breast."

"That's so," said Dan; "the she whales do suckle their young, that I know."

"And a fish don't do that."

"That's true again. I guess I'll have to cave in, and say that you know more about whales than I do. This book learning is a great thing."

"I am going to college next year," said Dick, modestly. "I don't know nearly as much as I ought, because I like to row and play ball, fish, hunt, and all that sort of thing, and I don't give as much time to my work as I ought. But I am going to turn over a new leaf when I go to Harvard, and see if I cannot get some of the honors. Sometimes I think I would learn more if I could go to sea one voyage, and visit strange countries, than I would in college."

Dan Forsythe turned away his head, and no longer looked the boy in the face. His bold, manly ways were after his own heart, and it almost drove him wild to think that he had promised to be his enemy, to work against him night and day, to involve him in every danger, for the sake of his wicked brother.

"Here's the Dolphin," he said, almost sullenly, as the boat shot up to the side of the ship. "How are you going to get aboard?"

By way of reply Dick seized the "man-rope," which hung over the rail, and ran up the side with the activity and grace of an old salt, amid the half suppressed applause of the crew, who had begun to like the boy already.

"He'd make a sailor, Mr. Forsythe," said the harpooner, "and I wish he was shipped aboard the Dolphin."

It was a lucky moment when Dick won the heart of Tatai Manutu, the Kanaka prince.

CHAPTER III.

KIDNAPPED.

The crew quickly followed the mate on board the ship, and the boat was at once hoisted and stowed. If Richard had been an old sailor he would have noticed that they did not intend to use any of the boats for a long time, and it would not have aroused his suspicions even if he had known it. He would have thought that they preferred to call a shore boat to lowering one of their own before they sailed.

"I've brought this young man aboard to show him the Dolphin, Captain," said Forsythe. "He is very desirous of seeing a whale ship."

"With your permission, of course, Captain," said Dick, removing his hat, out of respect to the age of the captain, and bowing politely. "I would not like to put you to any trouble."

Old Tom Manning looked hard at the boy, and tried to find out in his brave, handsome face the bad attributes which had so annoyed his friends that they saw fit to send him to sea. He was puzzled beyond description, for he had seldom seen a brighter looking lad, or one who won his heart so completely at the first glance.

"I don't like this fighting at long range, Forsythe," he said, angrily. "Why not boat to quarters and close with the enemy?"

"It won't do, Captain; the enemy is sly, I tell you."

"If Captain Manning objects to my going about the ship I will go ashore at once," said Dick.

"Avast there, my lad! Who said I objected?"

"I certainly judged from your manner——" began Dick.

"He's a sea lawyer, too," groaned the captain. "I never thought, at my age, to be wet-nurse to a sea lawyer! You may take your own way, Dan; though I reckon he'll have time enough to look at the ship."

Without another word he dived into the companion-way, and disappeared in his cabin.

"We'll go aloft first," said the mate, "and I'll tell you something about the ropes. If you've sailed a yacht you know all about sheet-halliards and that sort of rigging, but you don't know a first-class ship. Can you go aloft without being dizzy?"

Dick answered him by deeds, not words. He had spoken truly when he said that he was an adept at manly sports, and the school gymnasium is good practice for the young man who chooses the adventurous life of a sailor. There he had learned to go up a rope hand over hand, to raise himself by the power of his muscles in his arms, and a number of tricks of the kind, of great service to a climber. With an agile spring he reached the lee rail, and a moment later was half way up the ratlins on the main-mast, going up far more rapidly than the mate, who having reached that position on board ship, does not often go aloft, and gets careful how he moves. Forsythe paused and looked up at the boy, who was ascending rapidly, until he reached the top. Other eyes were on him, for the sailors wished that one who was already a favorite should do well. Having reached the maintop, he could choose one of two courses: either to crawl through the "lubber hole"—openings in the top large enough to admit the passage of a man's body—or go out over the rim of the top, an awkward task for a new beginner. But, to the surprise of all, Dick went out over the rim of the top, with an ease which would have put the best sailor on board to shame, and stood safely in the maintop, while the sailors cheered him. Then he crossed over, slid down a back-stay, and reached the deck long before the astonished mate could follow him.

"By George!" said Dan, as he sprang to the deck. "When I undertake to teach another boy anything, I am going to find out where he has been to school. Who taught you to go up and down ropes in that way? I never saw an old salt do it better."

"I learned it in school," replied Dick, modestly. "We've got one of the best gymnasiums in the State, and the flying trapeze, tight rope, horizontal bar, and the ladders, are good practice."

"It's a pity," thought Dan Forsythe. "What a sailor I could make of him, if I had the training for three years. But two thousand dollars, Dan; bright, hard dollars! How long would you have to sail the sea to get that? And, after all, the boy has a chance to drop in the ordinary way, long before the cruise is up. I'll do it."

They went up into the top again, the mate discussing, learnedly, on the position and use of every line, halliard, rope and stay on the mast. For, indeed, there are few "ropes," so called, on board a ship. Each one has a separate name and use. In looking at the apparently confused mass of rigging in a plate of a full rigged ship, you might naturally suppose that a great deal of it is superfluous. This is not so; on the contrary there is not an inch of hemp on board a ship, which has not been found necessary to the correct navigation of the vessel. Dick listened with marked attention, and it was almost dark when they came down and went below, to see the lower part of the ship. Dan led him from bow to stern; even going to the lower hold and showing him the "wells," and explaining the manner of ballasting the ship. The hold was full of empty oil casks, which they hoped to bring back full of rich sperm, and other casks were filled with water for the use of the crew.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, Mr. Forsythe," said Dick, as the mate went up first out of the lower hold, and stood with his foot on the scuttle. "But I think I'll go ashore now."

"Here," said the mate, suddenly. "I believe I dropped that little tri-square by the well yonder. Run back and get it for me."

He passed down the lantern, and Dick, unsuspectingly, took it, and hurried back. He found the square in the place indicated, and came back, when, to his utter surprise, the scuttle was closed and fastened. He shouted aloud, but in that confined space the sound did not travel far, and no one could hear him.

"You might as well take it easy, my boy," said Dan Forsythe, with his mouth close to the scuttle. "Stay there until I come after you."

"What have you shut me up here for?" roared Dick. "Come now; you let me out of this!"

"Not yet, sonny. You just lie down on the ballast and take a rest, and if the rats come at you throw stones at them. But don't let your lamp go out, if you know what is good for you. By George, they'd eat you up alive."

He hurried away, and Dick was left alone in the run. He could not understand this treachery on the part of the man who had been so friendly with him, and had taken such an interest in his welfare. He shouted again, but the echoes mocked him, and he could see that all this was useless, and sitting down on the ballast he dropped his head despairingly upon his hands. What would his mother do when he did not come back? What would Phil say, his elder brother, who had always been so kind to him, when he heard that the mate of the Dolphin had betrayed him? Dick never thought of suspecting his elder brother of this evil, for they had always been friendly, as brothers should. Philip had been too cunning to drop the mask which concealed his hate for his younger brother, and no one would suspect him of intentional wrong.

"If I thought that mean thief was trying to trap me, what a punch I would have given him," muttered Dick, who was getting over his despair, and beginning to be angry. "I'll burn this old raft if they don't let me out; I could do it, easy—I'm so mad. What did I ever do to him to use me in this way, the low lived thief?

"What was that?"

He heard a confused scratching noise in the darkness, near the foremast, and directly after a thousand sparks of fire seemed to gleam out of that darkness, and to move up towards him slowly and cautiously, pausing now and then, moving about in eccentric circles, and evidently irresolute. Was the ship on fire already? No; these sparks were the eyes of small animals, and these animals that noisome creature, the ship rat!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIGTAILS.

On the first landing in China, the impression given by so many long-tailed and petticoated men is like the memory of a dream wherein one has seen animals walking like men; and, although custom makes the sight familiar, a Chinaman always appears an odd creature, especially when he passes the end of his pigtail under his left shoulder and gently caresses it, or twists the final braid. A comical sight, to be seen almost every day in Hong Kong, is a Sepoy policeman leading some Chinese culprit to the lock-up; the Sepoy, tall and erect, with fierce moustaches, lean as a tiger, and with a warlike air, leading along the meek Chinaman by the end of his pigtail, John Chinaman following at about two paces behind; just at the end of his natural tether.

After eating, we must rank shaving as the second among Chinese employments. They all wear *the cue* (or pigtail), even to the infant in arms, whose mother shaves its head at three months old, and ties up the tiny cue with a red ribbon, and from that day to the day of his death, the child and man must be periodically shaved; for, of course, no man can shave his own head. Great is the *barber* in China, and vast his field of operations among *four hundred millions of people!* His tools are unlike anything that a civilized barber uses, and his razor, if its uses were not explained, would hardly be recognized by the name. It is a thick, broad instrument, shaped more like a cook's cleaver than any instrument known to other nations; but it does its work well in the hands of a good operator.

There is something grotesque in the appearance of an infant, a few months old, with close shaved head and pigtail two inches long, tied up with a gay ribbon. When the youngster is four years old, and his pigtail has reached the dignity of seven inches, it is duly braided, and constitutes his only dress. Then being armed with a basket, he is sent out in this primitive and absurd costume to pick chips.

REMORSE.—We need be careful how we deal with those about us, for every death carries with it, to some small circle of survivors, thoughts of so much omitted and so little done, of so many more which might have been repaired, that such recollections are among the bitterest we can have. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing; if we would be spared its tortures, let us remember this in time. Men who look on nature and their fellow-men, and cry that all is dark and gloomy, are in the right; but the sombre colors are reflected from their own jaundiced eyes and hearts. The real hues are delicate, and require a clear vision.

CONVERSATION.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison, which naturally rises in them between their condition and yours, is excruciating.

THOSE who boast of plain speaking, generally like it only in themselves.

THE REVIEWER
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia: "The Coming Wave; or, The Hidden Treasure of High Rock." Being the fourth volume of Oliver Optic's "Yacht Club Series," with thirteen illustrations. Like all of this popular author's works, it has plenty of romantic incidents. The scene is laid in Penobscot Bay, and the incidents relate principally to boats and yachting, the story opening with storm and shipwreck. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Massachusetts.

FROM J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia: "Silver Carols." A new day-school singing book, containing music and words suited to every important occasion in school; printed in clear and distinct type. It is prefaced by a short, simple, yet practical theoretical department. W. W. Whitney, Music and Book Publisher, Toledo, Ohio.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BRO., Philadelphia: "The Nobleman's Wife." This last production from the fertile pen of Mrs. Henry Wood sustains the previous efforts of this accomplished writer, and will undoubtedly command a large share of attention from the novel-reading community.

LONG AGO.

BY MARY BROTHERTON.

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross!
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripp'd along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head, then,
And answer'd very low;
I scarce heard what you said, then,
But I knew it wasn't "No."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But, a hundred times or so,
I kiss'd a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

GOING HOME.

All gathered round Herbert Benson, with stormy faces of menace.

"You have killed Mr. Carthen," they said, angrily; "the best master and the kindest gentleman that ever breathed. But you shan't escape."

"I don't wish to escape," answered Herbert, sorrowfully. "Heaven knows that it was pure accident, and I know Mr. Carthen would exonerate me from blame himself if he could speak."

He lifted Mr. Carthen's hand as he said this, and it fell heavily back again to his side.

"He is gone!" said Lawrence, in a hoarse voice, "he's gone! And heaven knows there are many who will miss his kind heart and ready hand in Lansdowne."

Herbert seeing all the sin and misery that Mr. Lowe had wrought, cursed him inwardly, and laid to his door the death of the true, noble gentleman whom, by pure accident, he had slain.

The men stood stunned and passive, looking from Herbert to the master, and from the master to Herbert, without any one seeming to have the courage to suggest what must be done.

At last Herbert said, "Mr. Carthen ought not lie here; it is taking away his last chance of life. Somebody ought to go to the Hall, and fetch a stretcher of some kind, with a soft mattress on it, and take him home. One of the grooms would go for a doctor in the meantime, so that he might have some one to attend him directly he gets there. He may be only insensible, after all."

Lawrence pointed sternly to his side, where the life-blood was welling slowly out.

"It is no use," he said. "And yet I expect that is the best thing to do. Scourby and Lane you run to the Hall as fast as you can go, and bring a litter back with you. I'll take care Master Herbert doesn't get away."

"Why don't you bind me," Herbert said, "and then you will have no fear of my escaping?"

"The fact of it is," said Lawrence, with feeling, "I've known you ever since you was a baby, and it goes against the grain to lay hand on you. You were always an honest lad, and what has brought you into such evil way is beyond me to say; but it's a doleful pity, Master Herbert—a doleful pity. My wife always swears by you. I don't know what she will say when I go home and tell her that you—whom he used to steal away to play with when he was a youngster himself—have actually killed our young master."

"Wait before you judge me," said Herbert, almost choking. "And, indeed, indeed, I had no thought to kill him. I wanted to get away, because I was ashamed he should see me, and had not the heart to explain why I was here; and then the gun went off suddenly, and I no longer thought of escape, I had only room for a terrible fear lest it had harmed him."

"I am afraid you'll have some trouble to make the lawyers see it in your way."

"I know that."

"And it's a sad thing at your years, to die on the scaffold."

"Yes, but I did not kill Mr. Carthen intentionally. I see now that I have erred greatly. I had no right to do evil that good might come of it. Things would have righted themselves, perhaps, if I had kept quiet; and, in any case, nothing worse could have come of it than this. And now, Lawrence, you will be blamed if I am not secured. Let the man behind do it, therefore; and I thank you for the kind feeling that makes it impossible for you."

Herbert's tone was so temperate, his manner so gentle, that all Lawrence's rage had evaporated, and he was sensible now of a certain compassionate interest in the unfortunate man, who would assuredly have to pay for the life he had taken with his own life.

It was but natural—he had known him so long.

He had a kind word for all—even for the idiot lad, Wilson, who had shown such strange hatred of him from the first, so that, altogether, in the keen horror excited by his act the men about him had spoken harshly, they softened down now, and began to look at him with real, earnest commiseration.

They bound his hands. He was much too sorrowful to heed what became of him; and down on his knees, by Mr. Carthen's side, watched for some faint sign of life, just as the weary traveler in the desert, dying of thirst, might watch for the silver gleam of water in the yellow waste of sand.

Soon now Scourby and Lane, accompanied by some of the servants from the Hall, were seen approaching with the litter. Into this they gently lifted the insensible man, and carried him as swiftly as they could out of the wood.

They had to cross the marshes, with the hollow wind sounding in their ears, and blowing the hair off Mr. Carthen's pallid brow, and across his still eyelids. Still he never moved or spoke.

"We must go over the common," Lawrence said. "We don't dare get into the wood again, it is so terribly rough. It's a long way round but it can't be helped."

But scarcely had they set foot on the turf ere a wild, awful cry broke the stillness of the night. It was not like a cry of pain; it was rather one of unearthly, passionate triumph, as if some evil spirit was rejoicing at the downfall of the miserable man who walked at Lawrence's side, with tears of sorrow and shame welling out of his dim eyes.

The procession came to a sudden halt, and a dead silence fell on the little group. Echo took up the wild cry dimly, as it went thrilling through the darkness, making the very shadows quiver. Some night-bird, disturbed in its search for prey, uttered its shrill discontent in a piercing cry as it went swooping over their heads, with its wings outspread, and disappeared into the darkness. Herbert felt himself turn sick and cold. These signs and portents were ominous of the doom that was about to overtake him.

No one saw a strange figure stretched along the thick branch of a tree under which they had just passed, or recognized Tommy Wilson. His strange habit of wandering at night generally kept him acquainted with any expedition of this kind. And when he saw the man he hated led forth bound, and noted the ghastly procession, with the wounded master lying motionless in the midst, he uttered the wild, discordant cry in his triumph, and, and jumped from branch to branch with mad delight and glee.

The men had been thoroughly scared by the idiot's unearthly cry, and it was some little time before they recovered themselves sufficiently to proceed on their way. Herbert was not naturally superstitious; but in the gloomy marshes, with the night wind howling and sobbing, and the sad, awful sight in his eyes of a friend, killed by his hand, is it to be wondered at that his nerves were so weakened he was ready to believe the shout of glee, that had made the darkness terrible, came from some infernal foe, who rejoiced at his misery? More wretched, more troubled than ever, he walked on at Lawrence's side, stealing every now and then a fascinated, eager glance towards Mr. Carthen's face, hoping dimly each time to see some signs of life.

But there was none.

They carried him gently, for they all loved the young master.

Softly up the steps of the mansion, through the wide hall to his own room, and here they laid him down on the very pillow his head had pressed in sleep the night before. If it had been heavy then from a day of painful thought how much heavier was it now?

No one seemed to think of Herbert, and he might have made his escape had he so willed. But he followed Lawrence steadily up, even to Mr. Carthen's room, though some of the maids, stared at him horror-struck, wondering how he could bear to be there.

At this moment the doctor arrived.

"You are stilling the life out of him!" he said, sharply, to the people who crowded the room. "Let the butler stay, and one other, and all the rest leave immediately."

But some lingered to hear his verdict.

"I am afraid he is gone—I am afraid there is no hope," and then, quite softly, as if to himself, "but stop—he breathed!"

This last clause of the sentence no one caught; and so the tale went forth through all Lansdown, that the young master at the Hall was dead.

Then Lawrence bethought himself for the first time of his prisoner. "You must come along with me to the police. It goes against me; but I must do my duty."

"Of course you must, Lawrence," answered Herbert, mournfully. "You need not be so miserable on my account, I care little enough what becomes of me now. I had almost dared to hope that Mr. Carthen was still alive."

"The shaking would have brought him to, I fancy. If so, it's a sad business. I'm willing to believe that you didn't do it on purpose, Master Herbert, for you were always mercifully disposed, even as a boy; but how came you there?"

"It's a long story, Lawrence, and a miserable one. I did not go for my own pleasure."

"Poor Miss Milly! this will break her heart."

"No; that is the misfortune of it, that now-a-days my griefs are her gain. She will be happier this day than she has been for some time."

"Nay; I can't believe that. I know I feel much troubled myself."

"By that Almighty Power which sees and hears me now, I solemnly swear to you that I did not do it intentionally."

"Then I am satisfied." And he held out his hand.

Herbert took it in both of his, and had a sense of comfort from the conviction that one man, at least, believed him innocent. Through the length and breadth of the land, the tale would go forth before another sun had risen and set, and he would be branded as a murderer, stigmatized as a thief, and his name a by-word on thousands of lips. No wonder that Herbert's heart fainted within him, as he reviewed this prospect.

His object was attained, but at what terrible cost! Milly would hate and despise him—would shudder at the bare thought that she had once loved him; but, lying in his shameful grave in the prison-yard, with the cold stones on his breast, how little should he heed the praise or blame of fellow creatures! And after all, might not his sacrifice have been in vain? This thought seized him now, and took from him the one faint gleam of comfort that lightened his gloom. His imprisonment would reassure Mr. Lowe, and seem to him to remove all necessity for sending Milly away from home.

If he had only seen her danger—if he would have been persuaded that Lord Oakland meant no good by his daughter, it would have been sufficient; but all the while he sanctioned his attention with the idea that they might end in a grand marriage, poor little Milly could not be said to have any protector. Herbert had calculated that he could alienate Milly's love from him, and intimidate Mr. Lowe at the same time. He knew the girl's high spirit—and he thought that it would be enough for her to know that he had been fined for poaching to wean her affection from him, killing it downright in a fit of disdain.

But now Mr. Lowe could afford to laugh his threats to scorn, and would not, assuredly, remove Milly, especially as he fancied that it was so much to her interest to remain in the neighborhood.

Herbert was just indulging this reflection, which, painful as it was, was yet a relief from the agony of his self-reproach, when he saw a carriage coming down the lane, and recognized Mr. Lowe and Milly.

The girl's cheeks were stained with tears, as if she had been weeping passionately; and the early hour, and the box corded behind, told the secret of their journey. Lawrence, Scourby, and Lane were the three who had been chosen to guard Herbert on his way to the station house, and give him in charge of the police; and Mr. Lowe drew up directly he was close to them, and addressed himself to Lawrence, said, "What is the matter? What does all this mean?"

"A little accident, sir, that is all," answered Lawrence, reluctantly.

"I am sure Master Herbert never intended any harm, as he says."

"But what the deuce is it then?" was the impatient reply.

"Well, you see, sir, Master Herbert was out poaching and Mr. Carthen making me stand behind, those two were face to face."

"Well?"

"And they struggled together, the end of it being that Master Herbert's gun went off all of a sudden, and the charge entered Mr. Carthen's chest."

Milly had not spoken yet, but sat listening, breathless; and even the stain of tears faded out of her cheeks, leaving them marble white and cold.

"But where are you going now, then?"

"We are going to the police station," answered Lawrence, still more reluctantly than before.

"Then Mr. Carthen is dead?"

"Yes, he is dead," was the reply, spoken in a voice that was heavy with tears.

"Get out of my way a little," said Mr. Lowe, with a cruel laugh; "I am going to turn my horse's head. Come, Milly, cheer up; you are not going away after all."

Her father's coarse triumph seemed to rouse Milly. She made one spring out of the carriage to Herbert's side.

"What does this mean?" she said. "I will only hear the story from your lips."

"It means that I am accused of murder, Milly!"

"But you never did it?"

"Alas, yes; but unintentionally, heaven knows."

"I am sure of that," answered the girl, with noble confidence. "But what accident caused you to be among the poachers last night?"

"That was no accident, Milly."

She stared at him in painful surprise.

"You went on purpose?"

"Yes."

"Then there must have been some reason for it."

"There was."

An inkling of the truth began to trouble poor Milly, and she pressed eagerly and passionately to know this reason.

Herbert resisted her importunities for a while; but, at last, he gave in. Stooping forward, he whispered something in her ear.

Milly started back, as if a sword had entered her heart, and the agony was more than she could bear. Then she covered her eyes, and burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

"I can never, never, never forgive myself!" she said. "Oh, father, look at your cruel work!"

Mr. Lowe, somewhat ashamed at his own part in all this, pointed to the three keepers, as if to warn her to be silent before them; but Milly would not, could not heed. Her heart was bursting with its bitter load of agony and self-reproach, and she felt she must either speak or die.

"Oh, my dear—my dear, just to think you should have tried to get into trouble, in order to save me sorrow, when I didn't deserve it! And you, who have always borne such an honest name—a name I was so proud to hear, because praise would come with it—to think every one will be against you, not knowing why it was all done! Oh, Herbert, they won't believe it was an accident. Oh, my darling ——"

But here her vehement words were checked by emotion, and she only clung about Herbert, weeping helplessly.

"My dear Milly," he said, as soon as he could command his own voice sufficiently to speak: "I want all my courage, and your agitation unnerves me. We must try to think that it is all for the best, and certainly I have deserved punishment. My motive was good, assuredly; but I had no right to do evil that good might come of it."

"Only I made so many difficulties for you! I see that now. But I will pray so hard that you may get off; heaven have mercy upon me, and grant my prayer. Besides, when you tell the judge that it was only an accident, he will be sure to believe you."

Herbert shook his head, and a faint weary smile crossed his quivering lips.

"They are obliged to go by the law, Milly, and not by their own feelings. If the offence is proved against me, even if they think me innocent, they must condemn me all the same."

"Must they?" she said, sorrowfully; "but that doesn't seem fair, does it?"

"I don't understand the law, but I am sure I shall have justice done me. It is an ugly business, and looks badly. I am afraid you must not even try to hope that I shall get off. And, indeed, I could hardly wish it. My life could only be a burden to me now."

Mr. Lowe, silenced by the compunction he could not stifle, had not tried, so far, to interrupt this painful interview, but now he interposed.

"Come, Milly, let us go home," he said, "it isn't very seemly for you to be seen talking to a man that is on his way to prison."

At any other time Mr. Lowe would have said, "talking to a murderer;" but Milly's eyes were burning with such a passionate fire of defiance and disdain, that he dared not urge her too far. So he modified and mended his phrase somewhat. Still she clung to Herbert.

"I shall pray so hard—so hard," she murmured, "and heaven is so good! It will all come right, never fear; and you must not be so sorrowful, Herbert. It was all an accident, and those who know you will be sure of it." Herbert was cheered by her tender trust.

"If only all the world were like you, Milly; but I am afraid you will be the only living creature to think well of me now."

"And even so," answered Milly, with fervor, "you will have two good friends!"

"Two?" he said, interrogatively.

She pointed upwards.

"And me, Herbert."

"Thank you, Milly; I am not much to be pitied, after all. My blessing is no gain, Milly, but heaven bless you now and always!"

He took her hand, but even before these men, before her father, who stood by, frowning darkly, Milly would not be deterred from giving him every proof of her love and confidence. She kissed him in sight of them all, with tears on the white cheek that touched his, and then held him bravely by the hand, and said aloud that all might hear, "I will come and see you in prison, Herbert, if they will let me. If you are allowed to write, write to me: and if there is any earthly thing that can be done to save you, let me know, and I will do that thing, even if it should cost me my life. And now good-bye, and mind never to distrust me for one second, for even if all the world should believe you guilty, I shall never waver."

She pressed his hand in both of her burning palms, and was going, when he whispered softly, "Milly, we may never meet again; but will you promise me one thing?"

Her look was sufficient answer.

"You will be careful not to encourage Lord Oakland. He cannot mean any good by you."

"I know that, Herbert. I only allowed him to come with me to pique you. But I promise you faithfully that he shall not have the slightest reason to say that I encouraged him for the future. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite. Heaven bless you once more my noble girl!"

"Heaven bless you!" she said, and turned to hide her tears.

"Come, Master Herbert, we ought to be moving on, or we shall get into trouble," said Lawrence, nervously.

Mr. Lowe had whipped up his horse in order to be out of hearing as soon as possible; but Milly turned often and waved her handkerchief wet with tears, and tried to smile. Herbert Benson went on his way to meet the terrible doom that threatened him, but ever through the mist of his own sorrowful imaginings, Milly's noble words seemed to pierce just as the sun rising in its glory pierces the mists of morning.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

The doctor sat by Mr. Carthen's side, silent, patient, expectant, scarcely daring to breathe. The lips were still, as if death had already touched them; but he caught, every now and then, the faint flicker of his pulse, and knew that there was still a feeble remnant of life left in him.

A harsh touch, a loud noise, might stifle this forever, so faint and frail was it; and so no living creature watched with him, and not even a footfall was permitted on the stairs.

The hours passed by slowly and wearily, and brought no change. Dr. Robinson helped himself to a glass of wine, with one hand, whilst the other still kept hold of his patient's wrist, and waited again. The clock had been stopped on purpose; but he softly took out his watch, and looked at the hour. It was just about noon.

"There ought to be some alteration, one way or the other, now," thought Dr. Robinson. "It was close upon twelve o'clock when he was wounded."

And, sure enough, the pulse, hitherto so faint as to be almost imperceptible, began to beat with a little more regularity and strength. Dr. Robinson got a spoon, then, and parting the clenched teeth, poured a little wine down his throat.

Mr. Carthen certainly swallowed it, and Dr. Robinson then repeated the dose. After this he felt the pulse again, and found that its languor was gradually quickening. But it seemed as if the spirit had been so near its final flight that it returned reluctantly, and with pain. It was not until nightfall that Dr. Robinson could say there was any marked improvement, and that his natural life had returned. His science had brought him softly, by gentle, persuasive touches, from the edge of the grave, and there he lingered many mortal hours, as if uncertain to stay in the light or fall back into the darkness of death.

The doctor's skill, however, triumphed at last.

Dr. Robinson never left him. The butler crept up-stairs shoeless, and brought him food, that he might not sink with exhaustion, otherwise he could not have borne that long watch; for it was midnight—within a minute, or, perhaps, even less, of the time he had received his wounds—ere Mr. Carthen opened his dim eyes once more.

He looked about him with a puzzled air.

"Dr. Robinson," he said, as he recognized the doctor bending above him anxiously; and then he glanced at the familiar objects in his room, and again to his companion, as if seeking an explanation.

Dr. Robinson moistened his lips once more with wine, and then he managed a longer phrase.

"Where am I? What has happened?"

"You have had an accident."

"Ah!"

He lifted his right arm ever so slightly, then dropped it again.

"What makes my side so sore?"

"That is where you were hurt."

Dr. Robinson debated within himself, first of all, as to whether he should answer these questions or no; but judging that it would agitate and bewilder him still more to be denied an explanation, he determined to tell him some of the truth, if not all.

Mr. Carthen made no comment on this last speech, but lay perfectly quiet for about half an hour, evidently in deep reflection. It seemed as if he had been feeling out every link missing in his knowledge of the past; for, at the end of this time, he said, as naturally as if he were continuing the former subject of conversation without any interruption, "Where is Herbert Benson?"

Of course it was out of the question that Dr. Robinson should tell him the truth here, so he answered, evasively, "Oh, he is all right."

"I am glad of that. I feel convinced that this was a pure accident on his part, and the whole affair a mistake from beginning to end. I will have him up directly I get stronger, and question him. He will be sure to tell me the truth. He will be in a dreadful state of mind about this, for we were playfellows as boys, and, somehow, one never forgets that. I should like one of the servants to go to his house and tell him I am better, and fully exonerate him from blame. They may as well say also that I shall hope to see him directly I am able."

"Very well."

"Yes: but you don't give any orders."

"It is getting on for one o'clock in the morning."

"Oh, well, I forgot. Will you be good enough to see that it is done the first thing in the morning? If it weren't for this gnawing pain in my side, I think I could sleep."

"I wish I could give you ease."

"I am sure you would, if you could,"

answered Mr. Carthen, with a patient smile: "and, after all, it is a great comfort to think I wasn't killed, for poor Herbert's sake."

"And for your own, I hope."

"Well, I mean to live, if I can, doctor, but life is not so sweet to me as it once was."

"I wonder why?" thought the doctor, but he did not ask the question. Though Mr. Carthen was so kindly and courteous, he was the last man in the world with whom people ventured to take liberties. Presently the pain subsided somewhat, and Mr. Carthen fell into an uneasy sleep. Dr. Robinson watched still. The greatest care was needed, and he had written off to his partner to attend to all his patients, as the case was still so critical here he dared not leave, even for an hour. Often Mr. Carthen talked wildly in his sleep, and perhaps he might have betrayed the secret of his heart to the patient doctor. But if so, he had professional discretion, and the secret was as much one as it was before. He seemed a good deal exhausted when he woke in the morning, but his naturally fine constitution had triumphed, the wound looked well, and, unless anything should occur to put him back, Dr. Robinson thought now that he would get through.

He asked, the first thing, if his message had been sent to Herbert. And Dr. Robinson, knowing the effect the truth would have upon him, was obliged to say that it had.

"Poor Herbert!" sighed Mr. Carthen, closing his eyes wearily. "I am very glad he hasn't got into trouble. It was a pure accident, and I am sure the whole thing might be easily explained. I shall certainly send for him directly I am able to bear the interview."

In a fortnight, thanks to an excellent constitution and great natural patience, Mr. Carthen was allowed to leave his room. This was a great boon, and one he appreciated immensely. He had always been accustomed to an active, out-door life, and consequently the confinement had been worse to him almost than the pain. He would have the window open, in spite of the old butler's remonstrances. Andrews was a privileged person, as he lived with his master since he was a boy, and was faithful, honest and intelligent.

"I am sure Dr. Robinson would object, sir," he said, his hand on the sash.

"Never mind if he does, Andrews."

"Suppose you catch cold, sir."

"I shan't tell him how I did it. It is refreshing to feel the sweet air on one's face after having been shut up in a sick-room so long. I declare it seems an age since I was taken ill. By-the-bye, Andrews, I should like to see Mr. Benson this afternoon."

Andrews was beside himself to find an excuse that should put this notion out of his master's head—at least, until Dr. Robinson came.

"I know you won't be angry, sir, but the doctor said we was to be sure not to let you have the least excitement, and Mr. Benson would be agitated, and all that kind of thing. I am positive it wouldn't do!"

"You take me for a baby, Andrews; that's because I have been in leading-strings a whole fortnight, no doubt. But I mean to have my own way now. I want to see Herbert Benson at once; and to witness his thankfulness at my recovery could only be a pleasant excitement, if any at all."

"I should advise you not, sir; indeed, I should. Dr. Robinson will think I haven't done my duty."

"He won't think anything of the kind. How should you like to be left in misery all this time, uncertain whether you were suspected of a crime or not? Let one of the grooms go at once; this contradiction hurts me twice as much as any interview of the kind would be likely to do."

Andrews no longer dared hesitate. He made a feint of obeying his master's orders. He calculated first the time it would have taken a groom to go to Mr. Benson's, and then he came and presented himself before his master once more.

"Mr. Benson is very sorry, sir, but his son has gone out."

"Did the groom ask when he would be back?"

"I understood that he had gone for a week or so."

"That's odd, too."

Mr. Carthen seemed to reflect deeply; and Andrews, heaving a sigh of relief, slipped away. Presently his master's bell rang sharply.

"Andrews," said Mr. Carthen, when the butler appeared, "shut the door and come here."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know I am deeply grieved?"

"You, sir?" stammered Andrews.

"I believe that you have just told me the only falsehood you ever told me in your life."

"If so," answered Andrews, steadily, "you may be sure it was for your good. I wouldn't tell a lie for anything else."

"That is no excuse, Andrews. Why shouldn't I hear the truth like other people?"

"Other people are not allowed to hear it, sir, when they are so weak as you are."

"Nonsense! Who shelters the poor from harsh truths or harsh words? We must bear our burdens, even as they bear theirs. We have so much less to go through in other ways, that we cannot complain, as they might, we had no strength left us to face these ills."

"That's true, sir; only——"

"Only you fancy that my illness has made a woman of me, and that I shall faint or go into hysterics at the mere mention of bad news. Fie on you, Andrews! You ought to have known me better than that."

"Dr. Robinson said——"

"I don't care what Dr. Robinson said. He has been very good, I know; but I am strong enough now to be able to judge myself as to what I can bear. Therefore, I ask you to tell me the truth."

"What about, sir?" said Andrews, looking as innocent as he could.

"About Mr. Benson?"

"He's all right, sir."

"But where is he? You are not skillful in telling falsehoods, Andrews, because, I am happy to say, you are not accustomed to it. Something has happened that you are afraid to tell me; and so you put me off with all kinds of excuses."

Andrews made one last effort to escape.

"I'll go and see if your broth is ready, sir. Dr. Robinson said I was to be sure and see you had something every hour."

"Don't be tiresome, Andrews," said his master, quite irritably. "It isn't ten minutes ago you gave me something; and, besides, I know it is only an excuse. Answer my question first, and then you shall bring me anything you like. Where is Mr. Herbert Benson?"

"You are sure you can bear it?"

"Yes; go on."

"If any harm comes of it, you'll tell Dr. Robinson I held out as long as I could?"

"Of course."

"Well, sir, Mr. Benson is in prison."

"That is just what I decided a minute ago," returned Mr. Carthen, quietly; "but on what charge?"

"On the charge of killing you, sir."

"But I wasn't killed!"

"No, but he meant to, sir; and so that's nearly the same thing, I suppose."

"He never meant to do any thing of the kind. His gun went off by accident, and happened to wound me."

"Only he was along with the poachers, sir, you see, stealing your game. Directly you came up with him, and tried to catch him, you were shot, which gives it an ugly look, you see."

"Why, you've known Herbert Benson ever since he was a baby."

"Yes, sir; and many's the time I have been sent to see where you was, and found you two out birds-nesting together, climbing the trees, and tearing your clothes all to shivers. I should think I did remember him, sir."

"And do you believe, Andrews, judging by what you know of him, he'd do such a cruel, unmanly thing as to shoot me down like a dog, his old playfellow, and boyhood's friend?"

"I shouldn't have thought it, certainly. But there's no dependence with young men when they get with poachers. They're a low lot, altogether; and you can't tell what they may do when they are pushed to it."

"I know what Herbert Benson wouldn't do; and that is, injure me."

"I should have said so, too, sir, a little while back; but when young men get into bad company, it quite turns their dispositions, somehow. I have known that often; and, of course, he needn't have gone with the poachers unless he had liked, so we shan't shift all the blame to them."

"No; but there is some mystery that needs explaining, I fancy. And now, Andrews, bring me my desk, I want to see if I have strength enough left in my arm to write a letter."

"You had better not try, sir; indeed, you had not. I am sure Dr. Robinson will be angry."

"Poor Dr. Robinson! He has no idea what a bugbear you make of him, Andrews, I am sure. What earthly objection can there be to my writing a letter, if I feel so inclined?"

"You might open your wound again, sir."

Mr. Carthen could not help smiling, in spite of himself.

"You seem to think letter-writing a very dreadful exertion, Andrews?"

"Well, sir, it isn't what I should call light labor, certainly; I'd rather do most anything but that."

"It won't take me but a minute, and then one of the grooms had better ride over at once with my letter to Sir William Clark's. The thought never struck me that Herbert could be in prison until your evasions this afternoon opened my eyes. And now I must try and remedy the matter as soon as possible. Leave me alone one minute, Andrews, and when my letter is ready I will ring."

It was just the minute, and no more, when Andrews was recalled, full of admiration for his master's splendid scholarship. This time the groom was really sent, and soon brought back the answer Mr. Carthen was so anxiously expecting.

Sir William was very glad to hear from Mr. Carthen, because it showed that he was really better, but very sorry, too, that he could not help him in any way with regard to Herbert Benson. The merciful view he, Mr. Carthen, had taken of the case, was not, he must say, shared by himself or his brother magistrates. There was no doubt, in their minds, that Herbert Benson had intended to shoot him, in order to make good his escape. His providential delivery from death had saved Benson from that punishment he so richly deserved. But he could not give Mr. Carthen the faintest hope that the minor penalty for the charge of wounding, with intent to kill, would not be carried out. In any case, Sir William was afraid that Mr. Carthen was wasting his kind sympathy on a most hardened criminal, as they had almost certain proofs—though he begged Mr. Carthen not to mention this to any one—that the prisoner was implicated in another case, more serious in fact, though, probably, not in intention, than this.

The letter ended with many expressions of regard for Mr. Carthen, personally—regret for his past illness, and satisfaction at his present convalescence, but it gave no hope that Herbert would escape. And this dark hint of something beyond—"more serious in fact, though, probably, not in intention" than the one he had begged Sir William to try and get the prisoner through!

Mr. Carthen was anxious and puzzled, but still unwilling to believe that Herbert could have degenerated so suddenly and become the hopeless villain Sir William seemed to think.

Dr. Robinson came in at this minute, and was almost relieved to find that Mr. Carthen knew all and the information had had no serious effect upon him. His pulse was rather high, certainly, and he discussed the question with some excitement; but Dr. Robinson stayed on for awhile, and had the comfort of seeing him tone down, and sink into a state of dejection which, if more painful to himself, was less injurious, really, than the agitation under which he had been laboring before.

"Now, mind, Andrews!" said he, very emphatically; "you must be more careful for the future; and, when you have to tell a story, tell it boldly, as if you meant it."

"You see, sir, I'm not used to that kind of thing."

"All the better for you. I often have to tell little fibs to my patients just to quiet them. And so I have got into the way of doing it naturally. Good night, and mind what I say."

"Catch master getting anything out of me again," thought Andrews. "I was as sure as could be Dr. Robinson would fancy I was to blame. No one would have thought it, to be sure; but it's an advantage, sometimes, to be able to make stories look true. If I hadn't looked so sheepish, he wouldn't have guessed; but I never told him a lie before. He was right there; and somehow it stuck in my throat, even though it was for his good."

Andrews, still continuing his monologue, went off to his tea; and, no sooner was he gone, than a dark, swift figure swept in through the front entrance, and across the hall.

At Mr. Carthen's door it paused, irresolute; then seemed to gather up all its courage by one great effort, turned the lock, and passed silently into Mr. Carthen's presence, without warning, and unannounced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUTUMN BLOSSOMS.

BY PERCY HERBERT.

How it was that I came to get married at last, after a bachelorhood of forty-five years, was in this wise:

My father died, leaving a family of children, a wife, and an old father and mother, of whom only myself was able to earn a dollar. He had never saved anything.

So, after the first great grief, when we had calmed down and were able to look matters quietly in the face, there was a wretched sort of prospect for us. I was only an accountant, and had a young fellow's habit of wasting my small salary in a thousand different ways. I had been "paying attention," too, to Elsie Hall, who, young and childish as she was, had a way that some girls *do* have of leading their admirers into extravagance. Of all the trials of that never-to be-forgotten time, I think the greatest was appearing niggardly in those baby blue eyes. I passed it, though; and if ever man had reason to be thankful I had, for the acquisitive little beauty jilted me in a month for Tom Tandem, who was rich and lavish of gifts, and who ran away from her, after a marriage of ten months.

I worked day and night, and managed to keep the wolf from the door.

I grew no younger all this while, and every year seemed to add five to my looks. I had never been very handsome or very merry, and soon I became conscious of a peculiar middle-aged look, which settles down upon some people very early.

Grandma was eighty, grandfather ninety, and they died one bright autumn day, before prosperity came to us—died within an hour of each other—for grannie just said, "I think I'll lie down a bit, now Lemuel don't need me. I'm very tired."

Then she kissed me, and said, "You've been a good boy to your grandpa, Edward. You'll have that to think of."

And when next we looked at her she was dead, with her cheek upon her hand like a sleeping child.

So two were gone, and we were sadder than before.

But prosperity did come at last. I had worked hard for it, and anything a man makes his sole object in this life, he is very sure to attain.

We were comfortable—easy. Ah! what a word that is after years of struggle! At last, we were rich. But by that time I was five-and-forty—a large, dark, middle-aged man, with a face that looked to myself in the glass as though it were perpetually intent on figures. The girls were married. Dick had taken to the sea, and we saw him once a year or so; and Ashton was at home with mother and myself—the only really handsome member of our family, and just two-and-twenty. And it was on his birthday, I remember, that that letter came to me from poor Hunter—that letter which began: "When these lines reach you, Ned Sanford, I shall have my six feet of earth—all I ever owned, or would if I had lived to be a hundred."

We had been young together, though he was really older than I; and we had been close friends once, but a roving fit had seized him, and we had not met for years. I knew he had married a young girl, and knew no more, but now he told me that she was dead, and that his death would leave a daughter an orphan.

"She is not quite penniless," he wrote; "for her mother had a little income, which, poor as I was, I was never brute enough to meddle with, and it has descended to her. But I have been a rolling stone, gathering no moss all my life, and we have never staid long enough in one place to make friends. Will you be her guardian? it is a dying man's last request——"

And the result of that letter, and of another from the lawyer who had Annie Hunter's little fortune in charge, was that one soft spring day found me at the railroad depot, with two little hands in mine, and a pair of great brown eyes lifted to my face, and a sweet voice choked with sobs saying something of "poor papa," and of how much he had spoken of me; and I, who had gone to meet a child and found a woman, looking at her and feeling towards her as I had never looked upon nor felt to any other.

Analyzing the emotion, I found only a great longing to protect and comfort her—to guard her from every pain and ill; and I said to myself, "This is as a father must feel to a daughter; I can be a parent to George Hunter's child in very truth." And I took her home to the old house and to my old mother. I thought only of those; somehow, I never thought of Ashton.

Shall I ever forget how she brightened the sombre rooms! How, as her sadness wore away, she sang to us in the twilight! How strangely a something which made the return home, and the long hours of the evening, seem so much brighter than they had ever been before, stole into my life! I never went to sleep in church now; I kept awake to look at Olive Hunter—to listen to her pure contralto as she joined in the singing. Sometimes I caught her eye, her great unfathomable brown eye, for she had a habit of looking at me. Was she wondering how a face could be so stern and grim? I used to ask myself.

Ashton used to look at her also. He had been away when she first came to us, and when he returned she was a grand surprise to him.

"Oh, how lovely she is!" he had said to me.

"She *is* very pretty," I replied.

Ashton laughed.

"May I never be an old bachelor if it brings me to calling such a girl 'very pretty,'" he said; and I felt conscious that my cheek flushed, and felt angry that he should have spoken of me thus, though I had never cared before.

They liked each other very much—those two young things. They were together a great deal. A pretty picture they made in the Venetian window in the sunset. He a fair-haired, blue-eyed, Saxon-looking youth; she so exquisitely dark and glowing.

Every one liked her, but I never knew how much she was to me until one evening, when, coming home earlier than usual, I saw in that Venetian window where Ashton and Olive had made so many pleasant pictures for me, one that I never forget—that I never shall forget as long as I live.

She stood with her back to me. Ashton was kneeling at her feet. The sound of the opening door dissolved the picture; but I had seen it, and I stole away to hide the stab it had given me.

I sat down in my own room, and hid my face in my hands, and would have been glad to hide it beneath my coffin-lid. I knew now that I loved Olive Hunter; that I loved her not as an old man might love a child, but as a young man might love the woman who ought to be his wife—better than I had loved Elsie Hall; for it was not boyish passion but earnest, heartfelt *love*.

I in love! I arose, and looked in the mirror, and my broad-shouldered reflection blushed before my gaze.

The spring-time of my life had flown, and my summer had come and gone, and in the autumn I had dreamt of love's bud and blossom.

I knelt beside my bed, and prayed that I might not hate my brother—that I might not even envy him. His touch upon my door startled me. He came in with something in his manner not usual to him, and sat down opposite me. For a few moments we were silent. Then he said, speaking rapidly and blushing like a girl:

"Ned, old fellow, you—you saw me making a fool of myself just now, I suppose?"

"I saw you on your knees," I said.

"And thought me a silly fellow, eh? But you don't know, Ned. You can't understand—you've been so calm and cool all your life through, you know. She's driving me mad. Ned, I *do* believe she likes me, but she won't say yes. I'd give my right hand for her love. I *must* have it, and I think *you* can help me, Ned. From something she said, I believe she thinks you would disapprove; perhaps that you are one of those old fellows who want every one to marry for money. Tell her you're not, Ned—dear old fellow—tell her you have no objection, and I'll never forget it—indeed, I won't!"

"Tell her *I* have no objection," I repeated, mechanically.

"You know you are master here, and as much my father as if you really were one instead of a brother," said Ashton. "If I did not know how kindly you had always felt to us both, I shouldn't confide in you, for it's a serious thing to be in love, Ned, and you may thank heaven you know nothing of it."

Know nothing of it! Ah, if he could have read my heart just then!

"I'll do what I can, Ashton," I said at last. "I'll try my best."

And he flung his arm about me in his own boyish fashion, and left me alone—alone with my own thoughts.

He had said truly; I had been like a father to him. I was old enough to be *hers*, and no one should know my silly dream. As I had said once, "I've only the old folks and the children now," I said then, "I will only think of mother and of Ashton. Let my own life be as nothing; I have lived for them—it needs be, I will die for them."

But I would not see or speak to Olive that night, nor until the next day was quite done. Then, in the twilight, I sat beside her and took her hand.

"Olive," I said, "I think you know that Ashton loves you. I am sure he has told you so. And you—can you not love him?"

She drew her hand from mine, and said not one word.

"I should rejoice in my brother's happiness. I should think him happier in having your love than anything else could make him," I said. "I told him I would tell you so."

And then she spoke.

"You wish me to marry Ashton?"

Reproach was in the tone—reproach and sorrow.

"If you can love him, Olive," I said.

She arose. She seemed to shrink from me, though in the dark I could not see her face.

"I do not love him," she said.

And we were still as death. Then suddenly Olive Hunter began to sob.

"You have been very kind to me. I love you all," she said; "but I cannot stay here now. Please to let me go somewhere else. I must—I cannot live here."

"Go from us, Olive?" I said. "Nay, we are no tyrants; and once assured you do not love him Ashton will——"

"Hush!" she panted—"hush! Please let me go away! Please let me go away!"

The moon was rising. Her new-born light fell upon Olive's face. Perhaps its whiteness made her look so pale.

She leant against the wall with her little hand upon her heart, her unfathomable eyes full of pain. How had I hurt so? A new thought struck me.

"Perhaps you love some one else, Olive?"

And at that she turned her face from me, and hid it in her hands.

"Too much—too much. You might have spared me *that*," she said. "Let me go away. I wish you had never brought me here."

And I arose and went to her. I bent over the woman I loved. I touched her with my hand; her soft hair brushed my cheek.

"Olive," I said, "if coming here has brought pain upon you, I wish I had not. I would have died to make you happy."

And my voice trembled, and my hand shook, and she turned her face towards me again and looked into my eyes. What she saw in mine I do not know—the truth, I think. In hers I read this: I was not too old to her; not too old to be loved.

I stole my arm about her; she did not unwind it. I uttered her name, "Olive," huskily. Afterwards, I told her of my struggle with myself, not then. I said, "Olive, I love you, but it cannot be that you care for me. I am old enough to be your father."

And again I saw in her eyes the happy truth and took her to my heart.

But we kept our secret for a while, for we both loved Ashton, and both knew that his wound was not too deep to find a balm; and within a year, when the boy brought home a bride, a pretty creature whom he loved, and who loved him, I claimed Olive.

And she is mine now; and the autumn blossoms of my heart will only fade on earth to bloom again through all eternity in paradise.

EVERY man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering, that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

A PRIMA DONNA'S TOOTH.

Mme. Pauline Viardot, the ever-to-be-remembered "Fides" in Meyerbeer's "Prophete," had one of her incisive teeth in her upper jaw longer than the rest of her pearly jewels, which somewhat damaged the beautiful expression of her physiognomy. A few evenings before the production of the "Prophete" in Paris, during one of the general rehearsals of that opera, Meyerbeer went into her room in the theatre and advised her that he could not consent to let her sing "Fides." "How so!" exclaimed the great artist, stupefied at such a dreadful revelation. "Am I wrong in the interpretation of any part of the *rôle*? If so, you should tell me, sir, and I will correct myself." "Madam, you are a perfect 'Fides,' and I could not dream of any tragedian songstress to sing and play better than you," answered the maestro, "but—but—you cannot play 'Fides!'—unless—" "Unless what?" quickly replied Pauline Viardot, bursting into tears. "Unless you submit to a painful surgical operation, and I guess you won't, madam." "What do you think, sir?" "Simply this, madam; you must have that overgrown tooth sawn to the level of the others." "Oh! sir, it must be horrible. Surely I'll be dead before the excision is over." "Not at all, madam. I have just ordered the dentist of the Queen of Prussia to come to Paris for the express purpose of attending your operatic majesty, and you may rely upon his unsurpassed skill." As it was the *sine qua non* condition imposed by the hard-to-please maestro, Pauline Viardot made up her mind to confide her beautiful head to Herr Mullkeistrom, M. D., who first chloroformed her, and with a magic dexterity removed at once the obnoxious bit of ivory. A few nights after that "terrible" trial, Pauline Viardot won her crown of immortality in that *rôle* of "Fides," in which she will never be equalled. When the tremendous echoes of the enthusiastic applause and *rappels* had abated, and the artists were allowed to leave the stage, Giacomo Meyerbeer, trembling like a child with emotion, respectfully took "Fide's" right wrist, to which he adjusted a diamond bracelet worth 30,000 francs, in the middle of which, and surrounded by rubies, stood the small piece of tooth that for so many years had been prominent in the great artist's features.

ELEPHANT LABORERS.

It would be too long to relate all the uses to which elephants are applied in Burmah. Let us watch them at work among the wood-yards where the trunks of teakwood trees, which come floating down the river, are piled. Every working elephant is mounted by a driver called a "cornac," whose principal business is rather to excite the animal than to direct it. In the season when the roads are cut, the trunks come down the river to the bar much faster than they can be disposed of in the saw-mills, and they accumulate in vast quantities all along the banks. It is necessary, therefore, to drag the trees out of the water, and arrange them in piles, until such times as they can be cut up. There are only three sorts of piles, varying with the sizes of the trees. First an elephant in the water clears the logs from the mass and ranges them one by one upon the river bank. He carefully examines the chaos of logs, and proceeds with tusks and trunk to disengage the tree he has selected, and which he intends to carry to land. As soon as the tree is placed on the bank another elephant is harnessed to it, and drags it to the wood-yard, where he leaves it. Two other elephants now come up, and one of them takes one end of the log upon his trunk, and drags it to the pile upon which, in view of its size, it ought to be placed, while his companion assists him by pushing the log with all his might. As soon as they reach the proper pile the first elephant lifts the top of the log upon the pile, then he forms a kind of ring around the log with his trunk, while the other with a vigorous blow of his head shoots the log into its place. The intelligence displayed by these animals is almost incredible, and we should scarcely have believed it if we had not seen their movements as described above.

REMINGTON, THE GUN-MAKER.

Over fifty years ago, a youth, working on a farm, asked his father to give him money enough to buy a gun. The old man could not spare it, but the boy, nothing daunted, found an old piece of iron about the place, and in the course of time contrived to make a gun barrel out of it, with the very meagre facilities afforded by a country blacksmith's shop. He had not the materials to make a lock and stock, so he walked to the nearest town and traded for the necessary attachments, and was encouraged by the smith for having made so good a shooter; this gave him the ambition to make another, so he went to cutting out grindstones from the native rock to raise the money for gun materials. In a short time there was a considerable demand for guns of his make. During the French war with Prussia, he was called upon to furnish guns for the army, and in less than eight months he made and delivered to the government of France rifles of a particular pattern, costing five millions of dollars, which amount was duly paid. The same man furnishes rifles now for the United States, South America, Rome, Spain, Egypt and Japan. The farmer's boy who wanted a gun is Eliphalet Remington, of Ilion, N. Y. His manufactory covers four acres of ground, and he employs twelve hundred men. Not satisfied with this achievement, he has recently completed a sewing machine, which is reported to represent the latest and most perfect advance in the improvements of this important adjunct of domestic economy. This is the type of a boy who, when there is not a way, makes a way for himself.

MERMAIDS.—The belief in the existence of mermaids is of very ancient origin, and many old writers stoutly maintain it. According to Alexander ab Alexandro, Theodore Gaza once saw a mermaid cast ashore in the Morea, after a very heavy storm. It had a human and charming countenance, but a scaly body and tail. It was greatly frightened, and cried bitterly, on finding itself surrounded by spectators, and, at the first opportunity, scrambled to the water's edge, jumped in, and disappeared. In some parts of Europe the inhabitants honestly believe such absurd stories as this.

LET the young man who blushes take courage, for it is the color of virtue.

RECEIPTS GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO CLEAN JAPANNED ARTICLES, SUCH AS TEA-TRAYS, &C.—A little olive oil poured into the hand, and rubbed gently over the article, and then rubbed off with a piece of flannel. Warm water destroys the varnish.

TO RESTORE A CRUMBLED BLACK SILK DRESS.—Sponge the silk with spirits of wine, diluted with a little water. Then iron it on the wrong side, keeping a piece of muslin between the surface of the silk and the hot iron.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM THE COLLAR OF A COAT.—Obtain a little spirits of ammonia, and mix it in a pint of cold water; then well sponge the collar or other parts until the grease disappears, which it will quickly do. Or, dip a soft flannel in spirits of turpentine, and rub the greasy part with it.

THE following we can recommend as a certain remedy for that painful ailment, a felon: Take a pint of common soft soap, and stir it in air-slacked lime till it is of the consistency of glazier's putty. Make a leather thimble, fill it with this composition, and insert the finger therein, and change the composition once in twenty minutes, and a cure is certain.

TO CLEAN hair brushes, melt a piece of common soda in hot water, and put it in a large basin, and when nearly cold, dip your brush in, with the back upward (do not let the water get over the back); shake it in the water till it becomes clean, then pour cold water over the back; take it out of the water, shake as dry as you can, and then let it dry in the air without any rubbing with a cloth, which spoils the bristles.

TO RESTORE CRAPE.—When a drop of water falls on a black crape veil or collar it leaves a conspicuous white mark. To obliterate this, spread the crape on a table (laying on it a large book or a paper weight to keep it steady) and place underneath the stain a piece of old black silk. With a large camel-hair brush dipped in common ink go over the stain; and then wipe off the ink with a bit of old soft silk. It will dry immediately and the white mark will be seen no more.

RUST ON GUN-BARRELS.—We would recommend the following recipe for preventing rust on gun-barrels: Three ounces black lead, one-half pound hogs' lard, one-quarter ounce camphor, boiled upon a slow fire. The gun-barrels to be rubbed with this, and after thirty-six hours rubbed off with a linen cloth—twice in the winter will be sufficient. It gives the barrels a beautiful gloss. After washing, a little neat's foot oil, occasionally applied with a hare's foot, is useful.

TO REMOVE iron rust from linen or cotton cloth, wet the spot with cold water and place the cloth in the sunshine. Mix equal quantities of cream tartar and table salt, and sprinkle the mixture upon it until the dampness has absorbed a great deal, then lay on enough to hide the spot. Wet the spot every half hour, and if the stain is then seen, cover with the cream tartar and salt. Keep it in the sunshine, and continue these applications till the stain is gone. If not of long standing, two or three applications will remove it.

THE MARRIED LIFE.—The universal expectation of all young people is that their married lives will be happy ones. Deluded dreamers! They imagine that they are different from other people, and that when they enter the portals of matrimony, love, peace and prosperity will ever be their attendants. Such ones had better by far consider themselves the same as others, but form iron resolutions to do differently from other married people—resolutions that will keep them from the dangerous coasts on which so many have been wrecked and ruined. Unhappy marriages depend upon many causes. In this fast age there is too much deceit practised by the young of both sexes. Previous to marriage, many try to appear more intellectual, more amiable, or more accomplished than they really are. Depend upon it, that love brought into existence by a moonlight stroll, strengthened by deceit and fashionable displays, and finally consummated through the influence of intriguing friends, will fade in after life almost as fast as the flowers which compose the bridal wreath.

LEARN TO WAIT.—Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to *learn to wait*. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay, perhaps, disaster instead. To stand firm at such crises of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, *not* to loose hold, or to relax effort, *this* is greatness, whether achieved by man or woman—whether the eye of the world notes it, or it is recorded in that book which the light of eternity shall alone make clear to the vision.

1776. 1876.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

OFFICE OF THE U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

In accordance with the several Acts of the Congress of the United States, providing for the celebration of the

CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

of American Independence, there will be held in FAIRMOUNT PARK, Philadelphia, in the year 1876, an

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

of Arts, Manufactures, and Products of the Soil and Mine.

The Exhibition will be opened on the 19th of April and closed on the 19th of October.

APPLICATIONS FOR SPACE.

To secure space for exhibits in the Buildings or the Park early application should be made. The necessary forms for application, together with the Regulations for Exhibitors and needed information, will be forwarded on application to the office of the Centennial Commission.

A. T. GOSHORN, Director General.

J. L. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4 A.D.
1821
Robt. Jarvis C. Walker,
Editor and Proprietor.

Saturday Evening, Oct. 24, 1874.

Vol. 54, No. 13.—Contents.

First Page.
Poem—October.
Gentleman Dick; or, The Cruise of the Dolphin, Chapters, I, II.
Second Page.
Gentleman Dick, continued.
Pigtails
Reviewer.
Poem—Long Ago.
Face to Face; or, Sinning for Her Sake, Chapters XXVII, XXVIII.
Third Page.
Face to Face, contin'd.
Animus Blossoms.
Receipts.
Fourth Page.
Beginning at the Wrong End.
How to Better One's Self.
Breaking Ice.
Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot.
Poem—From Morn Till Dewy Eve.
The Cold Shoulder.
Up Mount Vesurius by Railroad.
News of Interest.
Fifth Page.
Fairies' Column—How They Live in Fairyland.
Poem—Little Angels.
Wrung from the Grave, Chapters XIX, XX.
Sixth Page.
Our Own Sphinx.
Poem—Bole On.
Dowlah, The Snake-Charmer, concluded.
Seventh Page.
Bessie's Experiment.
Dill and Wormwood.
Facetiæ.
Advertisements.
Eighth Page.
Boudoir—Fashion Notes and Queries.
My First Whale.
Poem—Dearest, Why Didn't You?
Under the Acacias.
Correspondents' Bureau.
Answers to all Inquirers.

HOW TO BETTER ONE'S SELF.

What shall I do to better myself and improve my condition, is the all-absorbing and trying question of many whose income has failed to meet expenses, and whose future seems dark and cloudy. Such have perplexities little appreciated by their more fortunate neighbors. An evening without a supper, no fuel to spare to warm the cold room, a scanty covering for the night, and the dark prospect of a cold to-morrow, with no means or power to mitigate the sufferings of the coming days of want and mental unhappiness. Reader, what would your thoughts be if this were your condition? From such a standpoint you may, perhaps, never have seen life, but there are those who have, and those, too, whose poverty is not the evil result of evil habits. Says another, it seems singular that an intelligent man in the middle life should have saved nothing; he must have been improvident, or expensive habits and perhaps improper indulgences have kept him poor. Still, this is the condition of many who are not vicious, nor intemperate, nor unfaithful. Their receipts are small; but habits of life, fashions, the examples of acquaintances, and the absolute demands for necessaries, make the present difficult, and the future dark.

To such we say there is hope, even here, for those who have heart and who wish to see a better way. The first step is to save something while time is passing. It will be said that expenses consume all; we reply, expenses must be diminished. Let food be cheaper, clothing coarser, rent less, indulgences fewer; in short, retrenchment must begin. It may not be easy to save at once, but the necessity must be seen. Many families have commenced with saving a mere trifle a day, and in time have found it easier to save double that amount. Nothing is more certain than that, in establishing a saving habit, the ability to accumulate is acquired, for the act gives strength, and strength is necessary in every occupation.

We care not what may be a man's station, calling, or ability, unless a habit of saving is established as a part of the character, he cannot, in the end, be otherwise than an unsuccessful man.

BEGINNING AT THE WRONG END.

Many of our finest schemes in life go wrong simply because we begin them at the wrong end. We would not think much of the wisdom of the builder who began his work with the copestone or cornice instead of the foundation of his building, or of the artist who busied himself with the combinations of colors before he had learnt the elements of drawing; or of the scholar, who began to study some dead language before he had acquired a knowledge of his mother tongue. But we are scarcely more reasonable in many of our ways of living, our schemes of individual advancement, and our method of social progress.

A worthy Scotch couple, speaking of their favorite son, and the cause why he had gone wrong in life, used to tell of how they themselves had begun life with working hard, living upon porridge and humble fare, and gradually added to their comforts as their means improved, until at length they were able to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a "boilt chuckie," or fowl. But as for Jock, their son, he had set up in business, and, without waiting for success, or even laboring for it, he began life as if he had already secured it; as his parents were wont to tell the story, "he began wi' the chuckie first;" in other words, he began at the wrong end.

You often see this in the life of business; many aspiring youths begin where they should end—with a desire for luxurious ease, and an ambition for style, establishments, dress and costly amusements. To gratify these requires means, for which they have not the time to wait, nor the steady disposition to labor. They desire the enjoyment without its conditions, and seek to gratify their appetite for luxury at others' expense. They contract debts when they can find persons to trust them; keep up a flash for a time, and then find they have been coiling a chain round their necks which they cannot unwind. They have lost both their integrity and independence, for, as Franklin says, "it is hard to make an empty bag stand upright;"—and all this from beginning at the wrong end!

The hypocrite stretches out his arms warmly to clasp some one in the closest embrace, but only, like the heated Moloch, that he may burn him in ashes.

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but expense is constant and certain; it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel.

Many dread being ill who are very willing their lives should be.

"FROM MORN 'TILL DEWY EVE."

BY A. B. HILL.

I saw the maiden morn go forth, and her steps were soft and still,
To load her golden pitcher at the sun-fount on the hill;
And as she bow'd her meekly down, the bridegroom of the day
Stole by, and with his fiery breath kiss'd Night's dew-tears away.

I saw the maiden yet again, but her looks were proud and high,
And scarce earth's bossy shield could bear the fire-darts of the sky;
And the bridegroom lay beside her, his giant limbs outspread,
Far in their noontide slumber, on his azure-banner'd bed.

I saw the maiden yet again, but her feet were hurrying on,
As 'twere some hooded pilgrim, ere yet his journey's done;
Quench'd was the sunlight of her eye, and the dews hung on her breast,
While evening flung her purple scarf athwart the shadow'd west.

I saw the maiden once again, and as she pass'd in flight,
The moon with many a sister star came dancing into sight;
And sadly soft on spirit wings, as the vision roll'd away,
Fell down the night's dark curtain on the chambers of the day!

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 3.—BREAKING ICE.

In the summer time I often wonder why Neighbor Macpherson (who is by no means an early riser) should be supplied with his daily quantum of frozen water so early as 5 A. M., while my own portion of the refreshing luxury is not delivered until 11. It is one of those occasional contrarieties about which it is nonsense to complain. Yet during my early window studies I sometimes glance enviously at the slowing decreasing icicle, which the warm glow of the morning sun resolves into a running stream in front of my neighbor's door.

While the thawing process is going on, wetting the pavement almost as thoroughly as Mrs. Neverest is doing with her hose, bucket and broom (Mrs. N.'s domestic idols are that bucket and broom), to the annoyance of pedestrians—a woeful waste of water—and her own inconvenience, surely, I call to mind an incident with which Mr. Macpherson's daily ice was associated a year ago.

I could not fail to remark that Mrs. Macpherson frequently had occasion to change her servant. She employed in the course of a few months girls of several nationalities. What the skeleton was that haunted the lady's boudoir or the handmaiden's kitchen I do not know. Perhaps there were faults on both sides. Mrs. M. may not have been blessed with patience and good humor. The girls were not perhaps quite perfect in their ways. Yet I always thought it odd that neither Clara, who had been six years in her last situation, nor Betsy, who was an English girl, very willing it seemed and tidy in her ways, nor Gretchen (as she was called), a promising German maiden of sixteen; thought it odd, I say, that neither stayed longer than a month. But it is not of Clara, nor of Betsy, nor of Gretchen, that I would write, but of Bridget, an Irish girl, who one day carried her own box inside of my neighbor's door, and carried in the block of ice early next morning.

Bridget brought with her a smiling face, sunny hair and sparkling eyes, while her antique ways and contempt for such articles of costume as are generally worn by our fair helps of the present day proclaimed her a greenhorn at the first. We soon learned her modest history. It is perhaps a peculiarity of the Irish that they have little reticence; they seem to delight in making confidants of every one. It is a pleasure to them if we will listen to their trifling experiences, and I think it well for us if we will do so now and then.

"Bridget, marm?" she would say; "yes, marm; is it me other name ye were askin'? Faith, marm, it's so seldom it was asked for in the ould counthry that I'm near on forgettin' it entirely! Me father was Terence Malloy, marm, an' me mither was one of the O'Conner's, of Cork—as true an O'Conner as ever lived, although she was a woman like myself."

Her mother was dead. Her father a wanderer.

"He come to Amerikey years agone, almost as long as I care to remember," she said, and she had never heard from him afterward. She had lived in service in London, "a great big city of houses and fine shops, but little company for the likes of me—nothing but loneliness at all, at all. Poverty and hunger, in the middle of plenty, an' hard looks, and sich like, marm, as is nothin' to them as wears 'um, but is dreadful cruel to bear."

At the instance of, and in company with a female friend, she came to "Philadelphee," and was doing her best to accommodate herself to the habits of her new employers.

I was interested in Bridget. She was an early riser—that lump of ice was never left to make miniature lakes and rivers, in her time; but was removed as delicately and tenderly as if it had been matter of great intrinsic value, her native contempt for such things notwithstanding.

Had Bridget a lover I wondered? I thought what a careful housewife she would make for some honest fellow who labored for his bread; she was so patient, so industrious, so attentive to every little detail, so cleanly in her habits and her work.

I made the discovery one day.

"A swateheart, marm? to be thrue to ye, no, marm; but I had one once, (her eyes sparkled and glowed, there was always much expression in them,) Patrick, marm; my cousin, Patrick Flanigan." Here she curtsied low, whether out of respect for me, or for the memory of Pat, was, perhaps, questionable.

"Is Patrick in England?" I inquired.

She shook her head demurely.

"Oh, no!" she answered, quickly. "He came to Amerikey with me father, sure."

"And have you heard from him?"

"Once't, marm, an' he sent me money to buy a new dress wid—that was after he got work, marm—but I niver heard from him again."

"Did you come to this country in search for him?" I ventured.

She looked slyly into my face, wondering how I could guess her so well, as if it was not plainly written in her own bright glowing cheeks and laughing eyes.

"You will have a hard task I fear, the States are very extensive, and their cities many, and very far apart."

"Maybe I'll know one day, if he loves me, marm," she answered, confidently, and I sincerely hoped she might.

Bridget remained with Mr. Macpherson much longer than any of the other girls had done. She always seemed bright and hopeful.

One day toward the end of the summer the ice-cart came a little later than usual. The extraordinary heat, and drought probably had brought increased patronage. It must have been later than six o'clock, when the usual cold slab was deposited upon the pavement at my neighbor's; and it so happened that Bridget was at the door, polishing the name-plate—as was her daily custom—until it shone as brightly as her face.

The dexterity with which the ice was cut, weighed and deposited attracted her attention, as, indeed, it might, so rapidly is the feat performed. Naturally, she glanced from the ice upon the pavement, to that within the cart; from the cart to the man who was cutting, and from him again to the man delivering the blocks.

What was it that made Bridget scream and drop her polishing-rag so suddenly? She had evidently made a discovery, was it a pleasant one?

There was nothing strange or unusual about the man with the biceps, who caught the glittering lumps so cleverly, and with a twist of his accustomed arm, deposited them carefully and with precision, while he ran.

Bridget ran down the steps in a twinkling, and followed the man and the cart. Her hair was loose (for Bridget did not make her toilet very carefully in the early morning—never, in fact, until what she called her "dirty work" was done) and its fiery hue was particularly noticeable in the sun's awakening ray, which generally fell upon Macpherson's side of the street, and glittered like tiny stars in the trickling crystalizations lying there.

I cannot say which was reddest, Bridget's face or her hair! I cannot say which sparkled most, her eyes or the reflected sunlight on the ice! I hardly know who ran the fastest, the man who was fulfilling the routine of daily duty, or Bridget after him!

At last, however, Bridget came up to him, her hands were wildly raised, her lips parted with a smile of pleasure. She clung convulsively around his neck, and fairly hugged him! The man was so much surprised that he dropped the lump of ice upon her toes! What a picture for the artist of the Post, if he had been located at my window at that time.

Bridget was oblivious to all feeling—except that of pleasure. The broken ice must have chilled her feet, I thought. The man laughed loudly, recognizing her, the ice was indeed broken—figuratively as well as actually.

He thrust her from him at his arms length—then took her into them—let her go once more—looked at her curiously, from head to toe—I really believe it was three minutes before either said one word!

After all, it was the man in the cart who "broke the ice," tired with waiting while this dumb show was going on.

"Terry," said he, impatiently; "Terance Malloy, d'ye hear, let the girl alone and come here to yer work——"

"Sure and it's my own darter," said the other, affectionately and apologetically, "and the ice can be——," well, "melted" will express the phrase.

"What, Bridget!" said the man in the cart; "Bridget, of whom it's yourself, and Pat Flanagan, that are talkin' o' nights till a man gets crazed a hearin', an' not seein' ov ye? Nonsense! you are dazed, man, an' the girl's just a thrifle affected in her mind."

"It's yerself that's affected, sure," said Bridget, saucily, with greater brogue than I had ever heard her use; "maybe you think I dunno' me own father; an' if it's Pat Flanagan ye said, an' ye'll do me a favor, why ye'll just take yer eyes awhile off me face, an' tell me where he's a livin', an' doin', an' the like?"

"Where ye livin', yerself, girl—and doin' here at all, at all?" said her father, with another and a more suspicious look. And Bridget told him.

I think there were many others with myself who received their ice late that morning. At last, however, all was said that had to be said, or, at least, all that they thought to say—for after an unexpected interview, we are all apt to remember the most important communication of all, and to wonder how stupid we were that we didn't think of it then.

Bridget's father, it seemed, was a vendor of ice in the summer, and equalized the order of things, by carrying coal in the winter months; and Pat—well, I never learned Pat's occupation—but I noticed, one evening, that a very respectable young man, with hair a shade lighter than Bridget's, perhaps, and sparkling eyes, that just reflected hers, knocked with a great, grimed, clumsy fist, at Mr. Macpherson's door. What passed on the inside I do not know, but I had my suspicions, for both he and Bridget had very sunny faces when he left, and they loitered on the steps, and seemed very loth to part at all—and when at last he did go, he had to come back for a last word; and then he walked silently along the path, turning more than once, and she pretended not to be watching him, but she was very, very long about closing the door.

"And I found my sweetheart, marm," she said, upon a later day. "And we're to be married soon, Perhaps that wouldn't have happened if I hadn't come over. You see I'm no scholar, though I'd like to be—and Pat's not given to writon. He says he meant sendin' for me soon, an maybe he would—maybe he wouldn't. There's no tellen an Irish boy."

"So you are happy, are you not?"

"Yes, marm, please," she answered. And she looked it.

Well, Mrs. Macpherson lost Bridget in due course, and there the ice lies melting on the pavement at eight o'clock this lovely summer's morning, and that is how I came to tell you of Bridget, and the "breaking of the ice" towards her life's happiness, I hope.

Books.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than a gorgeous array of furniture beyond the wants of the inmates. Both, if you can, but books at any rate. Think of the mental torture you must undergo to spend several days in a friend's house and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, sitting down on luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity. It talks to you, not through the ear, but in another, and oftentimes more desirable, way.

MRS. WILLOUGHBY LIGHTFOOT.

A DRAMA WITH BLOOD IN IT.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

"Cleverly planned and skillfully executed rogueries were not so frequent then as now, and people generally were more easily imposed upon," said Counsellor Crabtree, "especially when there was a woman in the case. It was all in the papers, a good many years ago, but to this day the principal actor, or rather actress, has never been discovered. I'll make it short," said the lawyer, as he took an extra pinch, "as brief as a modern society drama in three acts. Well, then, Act the First. The scene opens in the office of Mr. Quinton, a physician, young in years and practice, but well and favorably known, and who, as was common with his profession at the period this event occurred, united also the practice of dentistry. One day a carriage drove up to the door, a lady inquired for the doctor and was shown into the office. That gentleman glanced at the card—'Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot'—and after due professional delay made his appearance. 'Doctor,' she said, in a soft, sweet voice, 'I've come to request your professional aid in a very troublesome case.' The doctor bowed. She was certainly a lady—dress, speech, manner, all indicated a person of education and position. 'Doctor,' she continued, 'I am informed that you are very successful in the extraction of teeth. I have a son, an only son, whose timidity is such that, notwithstanding the intense pain he suffers, he will not submit to or seek relief in professional skill. Not that he is a coward—oh, dear, no!—but he seems to have an unaccountable, unreasonable objection to having a tooth drawn. You cannot imagine what trouble those teeth have given us. Do you think, if I was to lure him here, that you could so manage as to remove one of the lower back teeth—grinders I think you call them—the farthest one on the right side?'

"The proposition was rather startling. The doctor glanced keenly at his visitor. Yes, she *was* a lady; her manner had evidently made a favorable impression. How old was the young gentleman? In his eighteenth year, and in rather delicate health, the result, it was thought, of those horrid teeth. Would the doctor help her in this sad case? The doctor would. He had no doubt that if he had the young gentleman there the operation could be performed and he hardly know anything of it till it was over.

"'That will do,' said the lady, 'you will confer a great benefit on him, and deeply shall I feel indebted to you, believe me. Money is of no consideration in this matter, and I beg, as you do not know me, that you will accept this in advance,' and she handed the doctor quite a liberal fee.

"Arrangements were then made that the son should call on the morrow, at 2 o'clock P. M., precisely, to meet his mother, who would precede him, and whom he supposed was keeping an appointment on her own account with the doctor. Every device was promised not to alarm his sensitiveness in the matter of teeth. The doctor was pleased; the amount of the fee in hand, the prospect of an additional honorarium, the charm of novelty which the prospective operation possessed, and the benefit he was about to confer on so liberal and fair a patron, united to put the doctor in an exceedingly good humor.

"The scene closes on Dr. Quinton bowing Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot into her carriage.

"Act the Second, displays a jewelers' store—Messrs. Garnet, Ruby & Co.; time, the next day about one o'clock, P. M. A lady alights from her carriage and enters. She has previously made several purchases of considerable amount, and for which she had always paid cash. She now desires to see some diamonds. After considerable delay and difficulty in selection, she is finally pleased with a beautiful bracelet and a pair of very choice ear-rings. She hands her card: Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot, at present residing with her nephew—Dr. Quinton.

"'You know Dr. Quinton?'

"'Very well,' she is told.

"She then desires a bill of the amount of her purchase—thirty-one hundred and fifty-eight dollars.

"Mrs. Lightfoot would be greatly obliged if within half an hour, that was, by two o'clock, not later, they would send the diamonds by one of their clerks to Dr. Quinton—'probably this gentleman,' indicating a delicate looking clerk about twenty years of age, who had witnessed the purchase—'would bring them?' If so Dr. Quinton or herself would receive the goods and pay the bill. Certainly, the young gentleman would be only too happy—and the articles should be there at the hour named.

"The scene closes with Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot being bowed into her carriage a second time.

"'May the Lord have mercy on all simpletons,' the old lawyer remarked, as he took a huge pinch, winked and said, 'Do you smell a rat?'

"Well, Act the Third—and last. Scene, Dr. Quinton's office again; time, two o'clock, P. M. A young man calls at two o'clock, precisely, and asks for Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot. He is ushered into a room where he sees the lady. The lady took the parcel from the young man—'I will give the bill to Dr. Quinton, who is upstairs. He will be down in a moment and hand you the amount. Pray take a seat and excuse me.' The young man took a chair and waited. Five minutes elapsed. He waited on. Just as he was beginning to feel uncomfortable, the door opened, and a gentleman walked in who bowed to him. 'Dr. Quinton?' Another bow. 'I saw Mrs. Lightfoot—and am waiting——'

"'To see me,' said the doctor, admiring the stratagem of the lady immensely. 'Yes, I know—it's all right—a beautiful day—rather sultry. Pray be seated, not that chair; this one is more comfortable, and, by-the-bye, speaking of comfortable chairs, although to the majority of people it has very disagreeable associations, there are few more really luxurious seats than that reclining chair—try it.'

"The young man, knowing the doctor by reputation, has not the slightest suspicion, in fact is rather flattered by his attention. He seats himself in the operating chair. They chat pleasantly for a few moments. Something amusing is said, the young man laughs, showing a remarkable fine set of teeth. The doctor remarks that in the whole course of his practice he has rarely seen a finer. 'Would the young gentleman permit him to inspect them?'

"The poor fellow opened his mouth. Ha! ha! He opened his mouth and gasped. The doctor examined closely.

"'Draw back your tongue slightly to the left, the conformation of the back tooth is peculiar, and——' in a minute one of the young man's grinders was seized, caught in a vice, wrenched, twisted, pulled—out it came in the midst of stifled screams and curses.

"'Why you infernal idiot, are you crazy? I'll——' and the young man was guilty of a violent assault on the dexterous operator, who quickly cried mercy.

"'Where's the lady?' roars the young fellow, with his hand on his mouth.

"'Now, my young friend, you certainly are not aware of the service I've done you, and when all is explained, you surely will regret your violence, and pardon the little deception of which you have been made the subject, solely for your good, and by no other person than your own mother.'

"'My mother!' exclaimed the confounded youth.

"'Yes, your estimable mother, Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot, arranged this little device.'

"The young man hurriedly interrupts the doctor—declaring that Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot is *not* his mother, and demands the diamonds which he had brought from Messrs. Garnet, Ruby & Co., and had delivered to the doctor's aunt, Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot.

"'My aunt! Heavens!' exclaimed the doctor, 'there's some extraordinary mistake here. I thought it was an innocent stratagem.'

"'Will you bring that woman or the diamonds at once!' cried the no longer unsuspicious clerk.

"Together they rushed in search of Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot. The servant said that the lady had left the house immediately after her brief interview with the young gentleman, saying that she would return very soon. But she didn't. Light dawned on the minds of the victims. The police authorities were at once notified—every effort known to officer and detective, stimulated by a large reward, was unavailing, and to this day the 'son' and 'nephew' of Mrs. Willoughby Lightfoot, are quoted as the innocent accomplices of one of the cleverest pieces of rascality on record."

UP MOUNT VESUVIUS BY RAILROAD.

Railway engineers seem now to have a pleasure in grappling with difficulties, and to them, as to the Knight of Snowdon, in the "Lady of the Lake:"

"If a path be dangerous known,
The danger proves the lure alone."

The latest announcement of intended railway enterprise is almost startling. It is proposed to make a line from Naples to the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Half the journey will be over level ground, and the usual rails and engines will be employed, but from the place of ascent a new method will be resorted to, a modification, we believe, of the system of cogged wheels, which has been worked so satisfactorily on the Righi. The difficulty lies not so much in the steepness of the ascent as in the uncertain nature of the foundation. Of course, the ground in the vicinity of the crater consists entirely of lava foundations. It is announced that all the necessary preliminary experiments have been made, and that the scheme is perfectly practicable. It is now merely a question of finance.

The idea certainly seems to open up a future for railway enterprise the limit of which it is very difficult to fix upon. We have not yet seen engines plying in Chestnut street, but certainly they would seem less abnormal there than hurrying carriages full of tourists up the slopes of an active volcano. Perhaps, as coal and wood rise in value, means would be used to utilize the volcano itself, and we shall see Mount Vesuvius converted into a Fuel and Heating Company. A line which had nothing to pay for fuel could certainly be worked with exceptional advantages, and air chemists and scientific men might suddenly discover that a great manageable force of nature had been lying for centuries unemployed. Pliny, the naturalist, got into the crater of the volcano, and, if his biographers may be relied upon, found it impossible to get out of it; but tourists will rush where philosophers were afraid to tread, and we may yet hear of a passenger railroad to the summit of the Pyramids, or a passenger buying a through ticket to "Etna Crater," and investing in an insurance against death or injury from any accidents or volcanic eruptions.

THE COLD SHOULDER.

The art of giving the cold shoulder politely to those we cannot esteem and with whom we do not wish to associate on terms of intimacy, is worth learning. Social courtesy does not require us to treat with seeming cordiality persons whom we actually dislike. To do so is to play the hypocrite, and hypocrisy is a vice which no high-minded gentleman will permit himself to practise. It is quite impossible to observe the conventional terms of politeness towards individuals, who are disagreeable to us, in such a way as to show *them*, without making the fact patent to the world at large, that we do not desire to cultivate their acquaintance. It is a rare thing to meet with a man too obtuse or too impertinent to take a hint of this kind. If he has any manliness in him he will prefer the tacit indication of an honest indifference or repugnance to a hollow show of friendship. Even the tone of voice in which you salute a man or bid him good-bye may convey to him the estimation in which you hold him. The commonest routine phrases may be made to assume very different meanings by varying the tone and manner in which they are uttered. There is much in accent. If you remark of a coat that it is "*something* like a coat," you say in effect that the tailor has made a failure. If, on the other hand, you exclaim enthusiastically that it is "something *like* a coat," you signify a warm approval of its cut and finish. In the same way the ordinary parlance of society may mean everything or nothing—may indicate the deepest interest, the most sovereign indifference, or positive dislike—according to the intonation and manner of the speaker. It is a good rule to avoid people you don't like; but, if that is impossible, the next best course is to give them to understand, in a delicate way, and with due consideration, that you do not desire to fraternize with them.

He who is thrown upon the world's hard charity is thrown upon a rock.

News of Interest

Crows were anciently employed as letter-bearers.

A carrier pigeon, let loose in Elizabeth, N. J., at 10.20 A. M., a few days since, reached its home in Philadelphia at 11 A. M., flying a distance of seventy miles in forty minutes.

Zinc monuments are the latest Yankee invention, hailing from Bridgeport, Conn. They are cast from pure, unadulterated zinc, which is well known as one of the non-corrosive and imperishable metals. The monuments have a beautiful granite-like color, and can be furnished at much less cost than either stone or marble.

A Boston family returned unexpectedly from the country, the other evening, and found that the woman left in charge of the house had been married, and a very grand wedding party was going on in the drawing-room. Flowers, wine and supper were filling the house with their aroma, and a general "high life below stairs" was in progress. Mutual astonishment, sudden disappearance of the guests, confused explanation from the bridal pair, indignant mistress and no servants to get breakfast the next morning.

Croquet is awful jolly at the French watering places. They become so absorbed that the hotel bell sometimes vainly calls them to their meals. They lose their temper invariably; the women flush with wrath; the men call each other imbeciles and cheats; one wonders that they do not use their mallets on each other's heads. But when the game is over, the victorious party leap, dance, roll in the sand with joy, and then claim the rewards of triumph, namely, a kiss from every lady on both sides of the contest.

Under the provisions of the new "Married Women's Assurance Act," in England, every married woman can now effect an insurance upon her own life, or that of her husband, for the sole benefit of her children, which will be an abiding provision, subject only to the due payment of the premiums required to be made to the office issuing the policy. Such policy may be for the whole of life, or receivable in the form of an endowment on the life assured surviving a given age. In such latter form, it would prove highly advantageous for advancing children on their start in life—for sons as an outfit in business, and for daughters as marriage portion.

Frog Eating.—The French are charged to be the frog-eating nation; but whatever claim they had at one time to this distinction, they have it no longer, for the English consume all that they can get—that is, the hind-quarters of them, the only portion that is edible or contains any flesh. But now, we, the universal Yankee nation, come in for a share, and it is asserted, with how much truth we cannot say, that five hundred pounds of frogs are consumed daily in New York. They are caught chiefly in Canada, and are sent there in salt sacks laid flat on the floors of freight cars, and containing each about a hundred frogs. In Philadelphia large quantities are bought and sold. They are caught in the meadows and "guts" along the Delaware in large numbers. And they are excellent; when not too old are tender, and the person who eats them once will want to repeat the repast as often as he can.

A California genius is the author of a new invention, intended to do away with servants around tables at meal times. It consists of a movable railway, acting within a circle inside the plates that are to be served. It will suffice for an oblong table as well as for a round one, and is operated by the person who sits at the head, or, in other words, the one who does the carving. This individual is enabled, by means of his or her feet under the table, after the manner of working a treadle of a sewing machine, to send a plate of hash, so to speak, sailing round at lightning speed to the spot of destination, followed up with the condiments, cutlery, etc., necessary to the thorough enjoyment of the meal. The advantages of such an improvement are apparent and manifold. Besides the delays and confusion consequent upon the prevailing custom, accidents, such as spilling soup over the shoulders of those seated around the table, will be avoided.

The length of railway lines in course of operation and construction on the 1st of July, 1874, was as follows:

In operation.	
France,	11,000 miles.
Great Britain,	7,300 "
America,	74,000 "
In course of construction and projected.	
France,	5,100 miles.
Great Britain,	3,500 "
America,	12,000 "

The length of railways throughout the world exceeds two million miles, while the capital invested in them during the last thirty years is not less than four thousand million dollars, and, on the completion of lines in course of construction, will exceed eight thousand million dollars. The locomotives employed on all existing lines represent a power of four million eight hundred and fifty thousand horses, the distance run over by them in 1873 being six hundred million miles. In France alone, the number of railway passengers in 1873 amounted to one hundred and ten millions.

The United States Centennial Commission announces its readiness to receive applications for space in the International Exhibition of 1876, at Philadelphia. It is important that it should be known with the least possible delay what space will be required in each of the departments of the Exhibition by American exhibitors, in order that it may be determined what room can be assigned to foreign nations. Manufacturers and others who purpose exhibiting on this occasion should therefore make known their intention promptly, and thus avoid the disappointment of finding the room they desire pre-occupied.

It is especially desirable that early provision should be made for the organization of those collective exhibitions of the natural resources and raw materials of different sections of the country which cannot be made by individual exhibitors. The importance of this, as an incentive to immigration and to the investment of foreign capital, cannot be overestimated; and a liberal provision for the prompt and thorough performance of the work will amply repay those States which undertake it.

HOW THEY LIVE IN FAIRY-LAND.

BY IDA FAY.

It is very hard in this world to get all we want; for that is quite different, you see, from having all one needs. There was once a little princess named Effie; and you would have said that she, at least, could wish for nothing. She had four maids to wait on her, she had a carriage of her own, in which she rode out every day; and she had a whole roomful of toys. Would you not have said that this little girl would be content? If, in passing a shop-window, she saw anything that she fancied, she stopped and bought it; and yet there never was a more peevish, discontented mortal than this little miss, with her roomful of toys, and her purse full of money to spend as she liked.

"I wish I lived in Fairyland," she said, one day. "Everything is so dull and stupid here. My dolls—dull things! never talk as they do in the stories. I never find any fairies in the flowers. There are no such things now as fairy-wands, or wishing-hats, or magic-shoes; or anything, but breakfast, dinner and supper, go to bed and get up again. I only wish I could live in Fairyland among the fairies. Then I should be quite happy."

It happened that one of the house-fairies heard her; and that night, when every one else was sound asleep, Effie was wakened by a smart tap on the shoulder; and starting up in affright, she saw an old doll, in a blue satin frock, that she had whipped and sat in a corner, just before going to bed.

"Get up!" said the doll.

Effie was not used to be ordered in that way; but then she was not used, either, to hear dolls talk; and, much alarmed, she got out of bed, and began to dress; but not being used to button her own clothes, and tie her own strings, she made a miserable piece of work of it.

"Stupid thing!" said the doll, striking her. "You can beat a poor doll like me, but you do not know how to tie your own shoes. Make haste now, I tell you!"

As the doll said this, in came a broom, and, opening a window, placed itself across the sill.

"Get on," said the doll.

"What for?" asked Effie, in great terror.

"To ride to Fairyland," answered the doll, laughing; "you want to go, you know."

"But it is all cold and dark out there," whispered Effie; "and I shall tumble off; I know I shall."

And the moment that the broomstick started, she began to scream. Screaming did no good, however. The broomstick flew straight on, as if it had been bewitched, with poor Effie sometimes sitting on it, and sometimes hanging from it, till it came down with a thump in Fairyland. Unluckily it came so hard that Effie rolled entirely off, and falling on a splendid new carriage, made out of a walnut-shell, smashed it into bits, grasshopper-team and all.

"Goodness gracious me!" screamed the old fairy to whom the carriage belonged, in a fury. "You great, stupid, blundering elephant! would nothing satisfy you but to tumble on my new carriage? Why did you come here at all, you owl?" and pulling out her wand from her pocket, the old fairy struck Effie with it on the leg.

Instantly Effie began to dance about, and scream, "Oh! my leg, my leg! I've got such a cramp in my leg!" when, just then, she saw the doll laughing at her.

"You know you wanted to live where they had fairy-wands," said the doll.

Along came the old grandmother of the fairies, who sends all the young fairies to bed.

"What must be done with you?" she said to Effie. "What did you come here for? Here, Rose-fairy, take this little girl home with you, and let her sleep with you."

"Come along, then," said the fairy; "though I should think there would be a tight squeeze. Why did not grandmother send an elephant at once?"

"I am sure I am not so very large," said Effie.

"Jump in, then!" said the fairy, laughing, and stopping before a great rose-bush.

"In where?" cried Effie.

"In here," answered the fairy, pulling open the leaves of a splendid rose. "Here is where I sleep. Get in first."

"But I can never get in there," said Effie; "I could not put my head in."

"But you must," returned the fairy; "there is no other bed for you."

But of course no one knew better than the roguish fairy that a great girl, nine years old, could not get into a rose; and jumping in herself, she folded the rose-leaves about her, and went to sleep, chuckling to herself, while poor Effie was obliged to stand out in the dew and cold all night.

In the morning, she was tired and forlorn enough; and the fairies, pretending to be very sorry for her, bustled about to get her some breakfast. The breakfast was set out in pink shells, on a rock covered with moss; but when Effie came to eat, she saw nothing but a few drops of dew, and about a spoonful of honey.

"Here is no breakfast," she said, angrily; "why, it would not keep a mouse alive."

"There is breakfast enough for ten fairies," said the grandmother of the fairies, angrily; "but since your appetite is so enormous, we will cook something for you."

"Ah! that is something like," thought Effie, smacking her lips, and expecting nothing less than a nice beefsteak, or broiled chicken; but judge of her disappointment, when they brought her, instead, a few broiled grasshoppers.

"I wish I was home," she said, and began to cry. "I shall die here, in this wretched place."

Out jumped the doll in the blue satin frock, holding the broom in her hand.

"Thankless, complaining creature," cried the doll; "you could not be satisfied till you came to Fairyland, and now you are more discontented than before. Go, get you home!"

And raising the broomstick, the doll whipped Effie out of Fairyland, and all the way home to the palace-gate, where she was glad enough to run in, though they did have no fairy-wands, and nothing but breakfast, dinner and supper, go to bed and get up, there.

LITTLE ANGELS.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

As pensive, but not sad, I mute
Upon—a *tiny pair of shoes!*
A tiny white-laced frock. Ah! well,
I love the pretty "bagatelle!"

A cradle-couch beside my knee,
A tiny house of mystery;
The little fingers in their clasp
The coverlid unconscious grasp.

As yet unwaked, the soul within
Her chrysalis lies slumbering.
The first-blush of that opening rose—
Who dreams what in the casket grows?

A solemn trust!—and yet how dear!
Ah! but for children blooming here,
This earth a joyless earth would be,
And life itself a vacancy!

'Tis little fingers mould us all,
'Tis little voices heavenward call,
'Tis little hearts that Heaven prepare,
And little angels lead us there!

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE:

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

A small boy had been observed for some time by several inhabitants of one or two fashionable streets shuffling up and down the sidewalks, apparently without a purpose, usually on the sunny side, as if to keep himself warm, never striving to go anywhere, yet generally moving on, unless, indeed, when he would sit down on a curbstone too near a fashionable house, from which he would ere long be pretty sure to be ordered off, either by a fleshy, pompous, well-fed-looking gentleman coming out, or by a consequential man-servant, who had come to sweep all such rubbish from the pavement.

Then he would take up his line of march again, but frequently, like the voyagers around the world, would find himself, without voluntary retrogression, at the point from which he had started.

The boy rarely raised his eyes to the face of man or woman, unless, indeed, the man was tall and broad-shouldered and ratherly elderly and enveloped in a cloak, and the attire of the woman was considerably more tawdry than becoming. Then he manifested some nervousness until they had passed him by, or he escaped them altogether by skulking out of sight or bolting precipitately down an opposite causeway.

If any one had honored him with a little observation, they might readily have observed that he had at least two rather startling peculiarities. One was that he never caught sight of a small girl dressed in blue on the sidewalk or in a carriage, but he walked or ran after her, as the case might require, panting and out of breath, until, if possible, he had obtained a glimpse of her face, although he might frequently stumble against an elegantly-dressed lady, who would shrink in horror and anger at such contagion, for the boy's clothes were foul with the slime and filth of the street, until the marvel was that they hung upon him at all.

At such times a look of regret and confusion would sweep over his rough face, though he lingered not to express it, but rushed on as before, until his object, evidently a futile one, was attained.

The other characteristic of this small vagrant was, that, though his attire was such as we have described, and his hair hung uncombed and matted about his head and collarless neck, his face and hands were always remarkably clean. Every morning, when the ice did not stop the action of the street pumps, he could be seen scrubbing away at these favored portions of his body, and then running, "to dry himself," as he said, until his hands would glow like a light-wood knot, though he hugged himself and wept over the "aching cold."

At first, he had been observed to carry an old greasy pocketbook, seemingly containing but a few shillings. With this in ready reach of his hand he would go quickly into the most obscure baker's shop he could find, and purchasing a loaf of bread hurry off again to some quiet locality to eat it. But after a little the purse began to share the fate of its owner, getting thinner and thinner every day, and the boy stinted himself with fewer loaves.

Sometimes, in the humblest sphere of his wanderings, if he saw coal deposited at the side entrance of a dwelling, and the face of the man or woman looking out at the window was not too forbidding, he would draw near enough to lift his large eyes, that were certainly fine, and humbly crave permission to take it in, *very* cheap.

If his request was occasionally granted—when the employee regarded the saving of a penny, for he was too small to be set at such jobs from choice, and few would trouble themselves to think how fearfully he might need it—he would tug away with desperate good-will until the work was finished; and sometimes, in addition to the penny dropped into his palm, he would crave "a wee bit o' soap, mum, to get this off," and hurrying out to the pump renew his scrubbing in desperate earnest. This method of ablution, without toweling, caused his face and hands to chap and crack open in the most painful manner.

This boy usually slept at night on the portico of a great church, always behind the pillars, putting the column between himself and the wind. When the snow fell fast or eddied around them, he crept under the granite steps.

The miracle was that the boy did not freeze to death. Certainly thousands of those who found it too cold to attend church, even for an hour on such evenings, with carriages to drive in and furs to envelope them, would have thought so.

The sexton finding out this place of refuge, ordered the young vagabond off, on penalty of having him put where he could not come and go at will.

The boy only sought another shelter—a less imposing one.

A kind-hearted gentleman had observed this solitary child frequently without thinking very much about him. Coming out of his house one morning he met the boy near his gate. Something in the weather-beaten face attracted his attention to-day.

"Why are you always on the streets, my little man?" he said.

"I live in 'em, sur," he stammered.

"Is your home near here?"

"'Bout here, up and down, and in the next street mostly, sur."

"But how do you live, my boy?" asked the gentleman.

"Eats when I ken git it."

"Poor waif! What sort of people are your parents that they suffer you to vagabondize in this manner?"

"Which, sur."

"Your father or mother. Where are they?"

"I hain't never had none, as I knows on."

"'Growing,' like Topsy, eh?—but there was a mist in the gentleman's eyes. "You ought to be sent to the almshouse."

"Oh, if you please, sur, I had rather not." The boy's face was white with terror. "I—I won't come here no more."

"You don't disturb me, boy," said the gentleman, throwing him a dollar. "I was considering how much better it would be for you. If you are satisfied, however, I ought to be, I am sure."

The boy stood for a moment staring at the money in stupefied amazement, when, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he started off, and running hastily down the street overtook the giver.

"Please, sur, is you God?"

"Eh? What is it?" said the gentleman, turning with a frown. "What did you say?"

"Is you God?"

"I am afraid you are a hardened little villain Did you expect to get another dollar out of me by such blasphemy? If you did, you have mistaken your man, and may move on."

There was, as the gentleman saw, however, no look of levity on the old-young face. The boy shrunk back abashed, and the man moved thoughtfully on.

This dollar lasted him a month.

There was something in the bottom of the old purse, meanwhile, that would have sent him to the cage, or raised him above want for some time to come, but he never thought of disposing of *that* for his own comfort.

After this he began to get very hungry for a long time together, and he eyed the apples and other edibles exhibited at the doors of small confectioners with greedy longing. Occasionally neither proprietor nor clerk was visible, and when he might have put forth his hand and taken one without detection, he would turn suddenly and hurry away, murmuring, "I can't grab none, for she told me not to."

One day he saw a small boy, smartly dressed, sitting on a block of granite placed at the side entrance of a great house, to which the family carriage sometimes drove. The small boy had on a blue jacket. He was sitting in the sunshine, alternately nibbling away at a big piece of plum-cake and breaking off bits to throw to a shaggy dog that stood wagging his tail in front of him.

The outcast came nearer and nearer, until he stood over the child.

"Give me that 'ere stuff you're throwing to the dog?"

"Go away," said the child, turning around with a frightened look; "I don't know you."

"I hain't nothick," said the vagrant, in a would-be conciliatory tone: "I am so hungry."

"What is your name?" asked the child, looking up again. "My dog's name is Ponto."

"My name is Walt'r. I wish it was Ponto. I wish I was your dog; *he's* fat, and kivered with a warm, shaggy coat, if tain't nothick but hair. I say, now, give me that truck to eat, won't you? I am awful hungry."

"Why don't you ask your mamma to make you a plum-cake?" asked the boy in the blue jacket; "and—and some new clothes? Them is so nasty."

"Who is my mar?" asked the shivering beggar.

"What a question!" exclaimed the little bright-faced fellow, with a comfortable laugh. "Don't you know your own mother?"

"Oh!" replied the vagrant, looking around with a shudder, "I know *her*, rum old varmint!"

"You are a mean, bad boy, and you shan't have any more of my cake!" cried the child. "You call your mother ugly names! I've got a good, sweet mamma!"

"Be *she* God?"

"God? Oh, how funny!" said he of the blue jacket, with another laugh. "No; but she loves God."

"Then she be'nt like Mother Crowley," replied the boy, in a confidential whisper. "Do she tell you not to grab—to steal?"

"I should say she did. She cries, oh! ever so much, if she hears of any one stealing," said the infantile moralist, patting Ponto on the head. "And God would punish us if we were to steal, wouldn't he, Ponto?"

"I say; he stays up there sometimes, don't he?" asked the larger heathen, pointing to the sky.

"Who?"

"God, where I heare tell on."

"He stays up there always!" answered the child. "Don't your mother ever tell you about God?"

"Not she."

"Does your papa?" asked the other, in a softened voice.

"I hain't got none o' that."

"Is he dead?"

"I hain't never had none."

"My papa is dead," replied the little fellow, an unusually solemn, thoughtful expression creeping into his fine eyes. "There is my cake. Come, and mamma will give you some turkey if you like that."

At this moment a carriage drove up, and an elderly gentleman got out.

"St. Julian, what are you doing? Who is this young vagabond?"

"A boy, Mr. Danvers, if you please, who asked me for my cake, and says he is very hungry."

"Why are you hungry, boy? Why don't you work?" asked the gentleman, sharply.

"If you please, sur, I hain't got no work to do," and the great, hollow eyes were lifted entreatingly to the man's face.

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Danvers, for it was he.

"Walt'r, sur."

"Walter what?"

"There hain't nothick but Walt'r, sur."

"Umph. It is a disgrace to a civilized country to contain such creatures. Here is some money, boy," and he, too, threw him a dollar. "St. Julian, show him to the kitchen, and let cook give him as much as he can eat. Then bid him begone, he is no fit associate for you."

"Strange," mused Mr. Danvers, as he walked on, "that in every fatherless child I meet, I should fancy poor Nora's eyes, or something akin to my own unfortunate house. My poor lost son—but pshaw! that was thirty years ago."

"Mamma," said St. Julian, running into the arms of a lady who chanced to be crossing the yard, "here is Walter, and he wants some dinner. Mr. Danvers says cook must give him as much as he can eat. Walter's papa is dead, too."

The lady turned, and seemed to grow suddenly sick. She caught hold of the railing of the portico for support.

"Wretched boy," she faltered, in a half whisper, "who sent you here?"

"Him, mum, as went in just ago."

"Mr. Danvers, mamma," explained St. Julian, eagerly. "He told me to bring him. The boy is hungry, mamma. You should have seen him eat my cake. Do let cook give him some dinner."

The lady's face was still very white, but it was not with anger.

"Did he—did Caspar or Mother Crowley send you here?"

The lady was Maude Manning, Mr. Danvers' housekeeper, as may be imagined.

"No, mum," replied the boy, glancing around, with a look of abject terror in his turn. "Be he—be they here?"

"Now God forbid!" cried Maude, devoutly. "Who told you, then, to come to me, boy?"

"Him," replied the outcast, with a vacant look, pointing to St. Julian with one finger. "And him," extending another towards the house.

"Take him into the kitchen," said Maude, still trembling. "And tell cook, my son, what Mr. Danvers says. When he is done bring him to me. We must give him some clothes." Then she went into her own room, and sinking into a seat, buried her face in her hands. After a while, she did not know how long it had been, the voice of her little son aroused her. He had returned with the boy, who was wiping his mouth upon his sleeve.

"Come here, boy," she said. "You do not know who I am?"

"No, mum," replied Wally.

"St. Julian," said his mother, "go out until I send him to you; you can show him the gate. Now boy, tell me truly, when did you leave that horrible place, and how did you come here?"

The boy rubbed his half bleeding hands one over the other, in front of the fire, but answered never a word.

Once, about three years before, when Caspar Lenox, in extreme illness, fancied himself dying, he had sent for her, and she had gone to nurse him at Mother Crowley's house. And again, a month or so ago, Lenox had brought the boy with him, when he had reluctantly visited her to extort some information which he could not otherwise obtain. With her there were the most painful secret reasons why she should remember him—reasons that it is unnecessary to explain to the reader.

"Did you come from Ned, or any of his people to-day? Unfortunate creature, you need not be afraid of me. I will never turn against you."

His large eyes were raised searchingly to her face.

"You'll tell them two. I knows how all sich does."

"I will tell them nothing. Only answer why you are *here?* Of all places under the sun how came you to this?"

"Cos I seed him," nodding towards the door to which St. Julian had made his exit, "a catin' and a feedin' to a dorg the best bread as ever I sot a tooth into, and I hadn't none, o' any kind, till I felt sick like. But I say now, missus, is them two a lookin' for me anywheres?"

"Have you run away?" asked Maude, suddenly lifting her head.

"Yes, mum," replied Walter, reluctantly. "I was afeard, and I bolted."

"How long ago?"

"Days and nights. Oh, ever so many, and so cold." He had shuffled into the corner, quite over the fire.

"Tell me—I will not betray you, poor boy; do you follow their vile teachings still? How do you live, if it can be called living? You must steal."

"No, mum. I wanted to steal apples, but I couldn't. *She* told me not to."

"She, who?" asked Maude, incredulously. "Not Moll?"

"Oh, no, mum. She as wore the coat like hissen," pointing again, in remembrance of St. Julian, with his blue jacket. "She where Moll fetched in one night, and they stole all her clothes, an' I carried her out. I say now, missus, do she live here? I wants to see her."

"They have robbed no one here, for a long time at least, thank heaven," said, Maude, wearily. "I do not understand you."

"*Her*," urged the boy eagerly. "Her as told me to wash my face, and that God would know it if I stealed. Her as went away when Master Ned was hurt and dyin' in bed."

"Ah! then it was he who was hurt," cried Maude, in a tremor, as she seized him by the arm. "And they were guilty of that, too?" She was thinking of Nina DaCosta's visit to Miriam Danvers, and what was the extent of Caspar's participation in these nefarious acts. "Tell me, boy, was the man very ill? God grant that he be not taken off in his sins!"

"Does you like him?" echoed Walter, wonderingly.

Her head was bowed upon her breast, and she did not hear him. He stood an instant, then touched her, timidly, on the arm.

"Do him and her come here?"

"Sometimes." This was spoken in a low whisper. The boy, with a terrified look on his face, crept towards the door.

"Yes, you must go from here," cried Maude, bitterly. "But wait until I find some clothing to shield your miserable body from the cold. I will put up something for you to eat, too; but you had better not come here again."

He had stopped at the door, while she went out through another, and closed it behind her. There was but one thought in the mind of the boy. Accustomed as he had been to false dealing from his birth, he believed that she would return in a moment with Ned or Moll, or perhaps Mother Crowley, and that he would be dragged in hopeless captivity back to the old den again. He turned the knob of the door quickly, and stepped out upon the veranda.

"She say I must go now," he whispered, hurriedly to St. Julian. "Quick."

He had not been told that it was wrong to lie, and he did it with a good grace. The child, accustomed to believe, led the way to the gate.

"Is that beggar's brat not gone yet?" asked the cook, angrily, as she chanced to look out. She was indignant that he devoured nearly a whole boned turkey which she had designed for one of her friends.

"Beggar's brat, or not," said Mary, who had joined her. "They are as like as two pays (peas), don't you see?"

"And why shouldn't they be?" sniffed the cook, disdainfully. "Mr. and Mrs. Danvers may feast them up as they please, because the devil or something or other has carried off so many of their own kith, but Mistress Manning, and Master St. Julian are but servants, as we are, after all."

In the meantime Walter had slipped through the gate, and was speeding on almost with the swiftness of the wind, and St. Julian, returning to his mother's room, met her as she was coming out.

"Where is the boy?"

"Gone, mamma, in a run. He told me you said he must be let out, quick."

"I!" she cried, sinking down, and clasping the bundle she held, in dismay. "I send him out to be frozen in the street, when, if I could—if I dared but speak, these miserable Danvers', with their heaps of gold, would have cast one-half of it to the winds of heaven to know——"

"Mrs. Manning," said Mary, looking in, "Mr. Danvers says, if you've got the small beggar with ye, you'll please let Master St. Julian and myself show him in his lib'ry."

"He is gone," she replied, without looking round, and the girl withdrew. "Gone," she repeated, brokenly, "gone in tatters and destitution, fleeing from *this* house. Oh, God, from *this!* While I am sheltered here?"

And Philip Danvers having bowed his head upon the pearl and gold desk before him, moaned out to the deaf and voiceless statuary and paintings about him: "Eugene, our hope and pride, in the hands of a Delilah, who will assuredly bring him to ruin, unless heaven will come to my aid. With this ever-recurring fearful uncertainty about the fate of our first born, so cruelly torn from us, was not that enough, Oh, Nora! Nora! without the torturing fear that you may be suffering and destitute, and even degraded to the level of the false-hearted villains who did you such foul wrong."

Would he have been happier to know that for poor Leonora Danvers the cares and sufferings and sins of this world had been long put aside, and that the earth had grown sodden and cold, these many years, above her grave?

CHAPTER XX.

MIRIAM DANVERS GROWS CURIOUS WITH REGARD TO MRS. MANNING'S HISTORY.

All the arts of Miriam Danvers could not do away with the suspicions of her solemn *beau pere*, as she smilingly denominated Mr. Philip Danvers—or in any manner win his confidence. He had often coolly questioned her with regard to her past life, reducing her to positive denials or assertions in the presence of Eugene, who suspected nothing, which he carefully noted down; but what he himself knew, she could gather nothing except what she had treacherously discovered by the perusal and destruction of the letter which Allaine had artfully stolen from the unsuspecting Parks.

Mr. Danvers had tried to make her evince some outward show of emotion by a sudden narration of the accidental death of Captain Graham, but Miriam aware of all the facts, and rejoicing in them as she had done, had yet nerved herself through her own resolute will, until her well trained face and voice both gave expression—as we have said—only to commonplace regrets. "Captain Graham was an acquaintance of her first husband," she said, "and on such account alone she had continued to recognize him; for she had never admired him. Nature had designed him only for a border soldier."

She had the painful consciousness all the while that Mr. Danvers was not believing one word that she said, and was only waiting to be directed to the way or means by which he might fully overtake and expose her; but she was imposing on Eugene and his mother, whom he could not have the madness to attempt to undeceive on suspicion alone; and with that she must, for the present, be content.

Mr. Danvers, accustomed to self-control, awaited with seeming patience until such time as he might naturally have expected a letter from his friend; and when day by day went by, and no letter came, the frown upon his brow deepened until he grew positively curt in manner to those about him.

"The longer you wait the better for you," murmured Miriam, glancing after him from beneath her silken lashes, as he passed her at the door one afternoon with a formal bow, and descended to his carriage. "You are playing a dangerous game; and you must be sharp, *at your age*, if I do not outwit you."

She grew pale, for the moment, however, when Mr. Danvers returned at tea. They were already at the table.

"You are late, my dear," said his wife, looking up.

"Yes," he replied, thoughtfully. "I had some letters of importance to dispatch to London and Paris, and they kept me. I have an old friend from whom I am especially anxious to hear, as he will inform me upon a subject of private matter about which I grow morbidly anxious."

Did that private matter concern her?

She could no longer doubt, but that tired of waiting, he had written again and that this time the letter was beyond her reach.

The thought to harass her now, was what would be the extent of this man's information. Captain Graham alone, as she believed, could convict her—and Captain Graham was dead. She could do nothing then but live in the present, strengthen her influence with Eugene, and watch Mr. Danvers; but Mr. Danvers was wide awake, and a single intelligent thought of the first order and a single pair of eyes, though they were the brightest and most bewitching, would hardly be sufficient—as she was destined to understand—to render this vigil effectual. Miriam Danvers' life, to an outside observer, could have seemed but one unbroken dream of pleasure. She was denied no luxury that wealth could procure, and Eugene was ever proud and ready to escort her to places of public amusement. He, too, was tenderly confident that no cloud ever marred the unbroken sunshine of her life.

Master Cecil was growing daily more tractable under Allaine's hand. He had never been permitted to remain for any length of time in his mother's presence, to worry or harass her as children frequently do; and hence he had never appeared, even to her selfish nature, in the light of a burden; while his remarkable beauty—very like her own—together with his unusual sprightliness, had elicited at once her pride and admiration, until whatever of disinterested affection she could have entertained, was lavished with a doting fondness upon this boy, whose filial regard, however, was by no means in proportion to the maternal tenderness. Any feeling which he ever manifested for her was spasmodic and unreal, and the general tenor of his conversation callous in the extreme. He had encountered St. Julian Manning soon after his arrival, and had not unnaturally taken a liking to the boy, and desired to spend a portion of his time in his company; but Miriam Danvers had, from the start, imbibed the strongest prejudice against the housekeeper and all connected with her, and had prohibited Cecil, under pain of her serious displeasure, from holding any intercourse whatever with one so far beneath him in position. Her hopeful offspring had shown a strong disposition to rebel; but finding that Allaine had been instructed to enforce obedience, he decided to vent his spleen in the only available source; and, to make St. Julian imagine that he was restrained by none but a voluntary influence, he commenced to treat the latter with the utmost disdain, and to sneer at him when he met him about the yard as a "beggar's brat" quite beneath his notice.

Mrs. Manning, with almost as little observation, had formed as unfavorable an opinion of Cecil as Mr. Danvers had done; and was, in consequence, not sorry of any pretext to stop all intimacy between the children.

"How came this Mrs. Manning by her position here?" Miriam had carelessly asked of Eugene, on one occasion. "She has the air of a lady; and yet there is a something secretive—an unnatural reticence in her manner that I do not like."

"I don't know," answered Eugene, lazily. "She is a lady, of course, or she would not be about my mother. I have never felt sufficiently interested to inquire into her history. All I know is, that she was an acquaintance of my unfortunate cousin Leonora—of whom, as I have told you, I knew but little, as our respective educations kept us apart for the greater portion of our lives—after she fell to my father's charge, until her marriage; when, of course, we lost sight of her. For with all his reputed wealth, my father, who is one of the best judges of human nature I have ever seen, could not tolerate Arnold Leslie; and Nora, I suppose, had some false ideas of her dependence upon my father, though he had always announced his intention of adopting her equally with myself as his child. At any rate, she married him suddenly and secretly, and the disgrace, which my father believed inevitable, coming upon him at once, he disappeared suddenly and mysteriously with his wife, and all our efforts to discover them have since been so unavailing, that we are forced to conclude they are both dead."

"She had, fortunately for you, no children, I suppose?" said Miriam, in a low voice.

"She had one—a son, who would be about ten years of age if he were living—but the child died in infancy."

"A fortunate circumstance. And I cannot see why your father should wish to recognize them if they are alive; it is much more comfortable to believe them dead."

"Miriam, my dear, that sounds a little unfeeling. Poor Nora had been accustomed to every luxury in life; she was very young, volatile and superficial in her nature, I am afraid. But she had endeared herself very much to my father and mother, and it was a blow to them from which I do not think they will ever entirely recover. The last we heard of her was through this Mrs. Manning, who brought a letter from Nora, begging my mother to befriend her for her sake, as she had suffered innocently on her account and would prove everything that they could desire. Her references otherwise were in the highest degree satisfactory. She applied for and obtained her present position."

"And that is all you know of her life?"

"Yes."

"Then take my word for it, there is something behind the scenes which she has never revealed to any one here. She has a secret that she would not dare tell to your father or mother."

"I am quite willing to take your word," said Eugene, with a laugh. "I am sure I should never have thought enough of it to weave any intricate romance about her. You will turn novel writer some day, Miriam. How would you begin with her?"

"I am sure I should not begin at all," answered Miriam, haughtily. "My character, if worse at heart, should be rather superior in position. I was only thinking that perhaps she knew more of your cousin Leonora than she has ever told."

"O, I am confident that she does not!" with an innocent confidence that always worried Miriam. "What would be her motive for concealing that? It would not affect her present position at all, and she would accept no other."

Miriam did not reply, and the conversation was dropped; but the mutual suspicion and surveillance of the two women continued from day to day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DROPPED LETTER.—A peculiar sensation is felt in dropping a letter, especially if it is one of value, into the box of a post-office. One feels a sort of revulsion, as if a part of himself, as it were, had fallen into an unfathomable abyss, never to be recovered. This act strikes the heart like destiny, irresistible for ever. If any error has occurred in the letter it is entirely beyond correction; if anything happens at the instant, as there sometimes does, which ought to make a change, there is no help for it. What is done is done, and past redemption. No repentance will avail. You would have something otherwise, but it cannot be. It is too late. The missive has passed away, and is no longer yours, or subject to your alteration or control. Beware, therefore.

THINKING AND DOING RIGHT.—It is much easier to think aright without doing right than to do right without thinking aright. Just thoughts may fail of producing just deeds, but just deeds always beget just thoughts. For, when the heart is pure and straight, there is hardly anything which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate concernment; but the clearest understanding can do little in purifying an impure heart, or the strongest in straightening a crooked one.

BIDE ON.

BY E. T.

When the heart 'neath its troubles sinks down,
And the joys that misled it are gone;
When the hopes that inspired it are flown,
And it gropes through thick darkness alone;
Be Faith, then, thy cheer,
Scorn the whispers of Fear;
Look trustfully up, and bide on.

When Fancy's wild meteor-ray
Allures thee from duty to roam,
Beware its bewildering way,
Abide with the soul in its home:
And hearken its voice:
Let the stream of thy joys
From the Fountain of Purity come.

When by failures and follies borne down,
The future looks hopelessly drear;
And each day, as it flies, with a frown
Tells how helpless, how abject we are;
Let nothing dismay
Thy brave effort to-day;
Be patient, and still persevere.

Be steady in Joy and in Sorrow;
Be truthful in great and in small;
Fear nothing but Sin, and each morrow
Heaven's blessings upon thee shall fall;
In worst tribulation,
Shun low consolation,
And trust in the God that sees all.

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

To drum beat and heart beat,
A soldier marched by,
There is color in his cheek
There is courage in his eye;
Yet to drum beat and heart beat,
In a moment he must die.
—*Finch.*

Literally through fire and blood did General Havelock and his men fight their way into Cawnpoor. The officers and soldiers were burning with impatience to punish the fiends who had massacred Sir Hugh Wheeler and his comrades, and to rescue the women and children whom they supposed were still imprisoned in the Subada Kothee, prayerfully awaiting their coming. They talked among themselves of the joy that would illumine their wan faces when the prison doors should be opened and they given permission to walk forth and again breathe the free air of heaven.

When the order to advance into the city was at length issued, the greater portion of the troops entered by a gate in the immediate vicinity of the prison house. The steps of the men were light and quick; for each was panting for the moment when his presence would announce freedom and safety to his imprisoned countrywomen. Brave hearts were unusually elate that morning, and eyes glistened with cheerful anticipations that were soon depressed by a sense of overwhelming horror, and dimmed by the tears of manly grief. Eagerly they approached the building pointed out as the place in which women and children were imprisoned—but they came too late! The gates were thrown open, and they entered an aceldama!

Accustomed as these stern men had been to scenes of blood and the devastating ravages of war, the sacking of towns and the carnage of the battle-field, the spectacle that met their gaze unmanned the strongest in the ranks. Before them lay a paved court, strown with women's clothing and children's dresses, torn and cut into ragged and bloody fragments; dishevelled tresses of human hair lay trampled among the gore that had yet scarcely congealed upon the pavement. Exclamations of horror subsided into death-like stillness, as the men rushed across the court into the building before them. Traces of brutal violence, of savage and ferocious murder, told in each apartment the fearful history of the preceding night; but not one living being was there to disclose the awful secret yet to be revealed, or to indicate the spot in which the survivors of the massacre had sought refuge. At length the fearful truth was realized; a huge well in the rear of the building had been used by the murderers as a fitting receptacle in which to hide their martyred victims from human eyes; and here, yet reeking with blood, stripped of clothing, dishonored, mutilated and massacred, lay the bodies of over two hundred women, and children of all ages—the dying and the dead festering together, in that hideous well. There lay the hapless mother and her innocent babe; the young wife and the aged matron; girlhood in its teens and infancy in its helplessness—all, all had fallen beneath the dishonored tulwars of the Mahratta destroyer and his fierce and cowardly accomplices in crime.

When the horrified men recovered the command of their senses somewhat, and began to move around and examine more particularly, they found upon the walls and pillows of the room, bullet marks, and cuts made by sword thrusts, not high up, as if caused by men fighting men, but low down, and about the corners, where the poor crouching, pleading victims had been hacked to pieces. Here and there, where not concealed by the blood, were discovered bits of pencil writing, such as "Remember us"—"Avenge us"—"My child." In one of the apartments, ranged along the side, was a row of women's shoes and boots, with the bleeding, amputated feet in them, and on the opposite side of the room, another of children's shoes filled in the same way.

Among some of the blood-stained relics were leaves from a diary, with the following words thereon:

"*Mamma died July* 12. *Alice died June* 9. *George died June* 27. *Uncle Ralph died June* 18. *Aunt Mary died June* 17. *Left barracks June* 27. *Made prisoners as soon as we were at the river.*"

When the full extent of Nana Sahib's perfidious atrocity was comprehended by the British soldiers, and a reaction took place, the next thought that entered their heads was that of punishment. Several of the Seventy-eighth Highlanders discovered the remains of one of General Wheelers's daughters in such a mutilated condition that for some time the group stood around silent unable to speak, but with tears coursing down their manly cheeks.

When several minutes had passed, a grim, scarred old veteran, stepped softly forward, and stooping down, he drew a small pair of scissors from his pocket and began carefully cutting the luxuriant tresses from the dead girl's head.

All stood looking sadly at their comrade. When the beautiful golden hair, bedabbled with her own blood, was removed, the bronzed soldier, still kneeling, lays one-half across his knee.

"*That* we will send home to her friends in England."

Then, as nearly as it was possible to do so, the remaining portion was equally divided among the men present.

"Now, boys, count every hair," added the grim soldier.

For several minutes all were busily occupied. When each had announced the number, they rose to their feet, and raising their hands to heaven swore by all hope of eternal salvation that they would never rest until as many mutineers as was the number of hairs they held had died by their hands.

Immediately after the perpetration of the outrages, Nana Sahib, with his followers retreated with all haste to Bithoor. To this place Havelock and his infuriated avengers hurried after him, but the wily Asiatic again fled, leaving his palace in flames, and although hotly pursued, and frequently heard of during the succeeding years of the war, and reported at times to have been *captured* and slain, it is morally certain that he, and a number of his devoted followers, escaped through northern India into the Himalayn region, where he may be living to-day.

As far as possible General Havelock avenged the death of Sir Hugh Wheeler and his companions in arms. The rebel Sepoys and troopers captured alive during the engagements of the 16th, were collectively tried by drum-head court martial and hanged. On the 25th Gen. Havelock started to the relief of Lucknow, leaving Brigadier General Neill in charge at Cawnpoor. This fiery soldier determined to complete the work of his superior officer.

When General Neill had secured one of these who had borne a part in the slaughter of the innocents, he compelled him to clean up a portion of the blood which was still deep on the pavement of the prison house. To touch blood is abhorrent to the high caste native, who believe that in so doing, they doom their souls to perdition. After they had wrought at this revolting work until they were besmeared, they were taken outside and hanged.

The first against whom there was clear proof was a Subahdar or native officer—a high caste Brahmin, who when ordered to clean up the blood which he had helped to shed, refused to do so.

"Persuade him a little," said the General, who stood by, calmly watching the proceedings.

This "persuasion" consisted of some stinging blows with a whip wielded by the muscular provost marshal, who laid it on with such a vim that the miscreant finally went to work. He was allowed to do but little (because they wished to leave similar labor for others to perform), when he was swung out of the world.

Prominent among the assassins was the Hindoo collector, who gave the fatal orders to the gaolers of the women and children, and who was greatly instrumental in securing their massacre. As he had considerable property in Cawnpoor, he did not flee with the others, but concealed himself under a pretence that he was in bodily terror of the Sepoys on account of his friendship for the captives.

After a long search this miscreant was found. He protested his innocence, and General Neill resolved not to proceed to extremities until all doubt was removed. The proof was overwhelming, and the order was given for him to clean up a portion of the blood of his victims. He saw that it was useless to resist, and walked steadily forth guarded by soldiers, who, after he had performed the labor imposed, placed a rope around his neck, and ended a career stained with crimes unparalleled.

Among the most valiant of those who entered Cawnpoor, and the first to rush to the Subada Kothee, was Captain Ned Livingston, who had volunteered as a member of Havelock's rescuing force on the eve of their departure from Allahabad. When he learned of the massacre, and of the horrid burial in the well, his sword dropped from his nerveless hand, and he stood motionless, unable to speak.

From this lethargy he was aroused by the sight of a Sepoy struggling in the grasp of two Highlanders, who were dragging him towards the well.

"I am innocent! I am innocent!" he persisted, resisting with desperate fury. "Take me to General Havelock, and he will tell you so."

"That's the cry of them all," said one of the soldiers, as they slowly made their way towards the horrible place, "but it won't answer."

Something in the man's voice struck Ned Livingston as familiar, and advancing, he demanded:

"What is your name?"

"Dowlah; and I am a spy of General Havelock."

"He speaks the truth," said the American, interfering to save him; recognizing at the same time, with some difficulty, the Snake-Charmer, who, it will be remembered, had thoroughly disguised himself.

He was released at once.

As he rose and turned to face his rescuer, the latter said in a voice choked with emotion:

"Oh, Dowlah! was there no means of saving *her*?"

"She is not among them," replied the Snake-Charmer, pointing towards the well. "I got her out of the Subada Kothee some days ago, and *she is still safe in the city!*"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could paint that gaze,
They hushed their very hearts, they saw its horror and amaze. —*Mrs. Hemans.*

Captain Ned Livingston grasped the hand of the Snake-Charmer, and with dilated eyes and gasping breath, ejaculated:

"What is that? Do you say she is alive? For God's sake speak quickly."

As hurriedly as possible, Dowlah related what we have told in the preceding chapters, adding a few words of explanation.

"I told her what to do if the Sepoys should find her hiding place. It is nearly two days since I saw her, and I know not what may have happened."

"Then she may be dead after all!" exclaimed the lover, in dismay.

"She may," replied the Asiatic, "but I hope not. I gave her all the chance I could, and she may have saved herself."

"If such proves the truth it will be the best day's work you ever did," said the excited captain of the Nautilus. "Lead the way at once, and let us know the truth; anything is preferable to this fearful suspense."

"You will need to keep close to me in passing through the streets," said the Snake-Charmer, with a side glance at the Highlanders, who were listening with great interest to his recital; "the English soldiers are very much excited, and when I tell them I am a spy of General Havelock's, and only a harmless snake-charmer, they may not believe; and, alas! I have none of my pet serpents with me."

"They know who *I* am, and will not refuse to believe me."

The soldiers volunteered to accompany them upon learning the nature of the errand; but they declined, and the two went forth alone.

They had scarcely emerged into the street when the fears of the Snake-Charmer were shown to be well grounded. A cry was raised by a straggling body of soldiers, and a rush made to secure the Sepoy that summary vengeance might be visited upon him; and it required the utmost efforts on the part of the American captain to save him from instant death.

During these exciting moments the cause of it stood as immobile and motionless as if wrapt in some grim reverie, and when the way was cleared, he moved on again with his long, striding step, seeming to see nothing, and apparently unconscious of the man walking at his side. No further trouble was encountered, and in a brief time the gate leading to the passageway was opened and the two entered the avenue which conducted them to the presence of the Hindoo god, Bathoo.

Dowlah paused long enough to fasten the gate behind them, and the two walked rapidly along, the Sepoy leading the way into the open court where frowned the hideous idol. The Snake-Charmer reverently prostrated himself before it, while the American, with scornful lips, folded his arms and impatiently awaited the conclusion of the heathenish worship.

Dowlah occupied but a few moments, when he rose to his feet and they pushed into the house which had lately been occupied by the villain Basik.

"Was it here you left her?" inquired the eager lover.

"Yes; 'twas a safe place so long as she kept out of sight. But I much fear that she was seen and compelled to flee."

"Good heavens! what causes this horrid odor?" gasped the captain, as an awful suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Be assured it is not her body," replied Dowlah, pressing forward through the different rooms and suspecting the real cause. "Aha! here we have it."

In the dimly lighted passage was stretched at full length the figure of a Sepoy. He held clutched in one hand a long gleaming scimetar, while the other was closed at his throat. The face and neck were horribly swollen, and the sight was one calculated to startle any one coming upon it without warning.

"What is the meaning of that?" asked Captain Ned, in an awed whisper.

"Pass on to the front room and you will see."

With a shiver of disgust the American leaped over the hideous form, and a few steps carried him into the room in which Cora Wilson had spent a portion of her time. One hasty glance about the apartment showed that it was empty, with the exception of the sweet scented bouquet, still fresh and ravishing as when first placed there.

"Heavens! what an antidote to the other odor," exclaimed Captain Ned, as he hurried towards it.

But Dowlah was too quick, and catching the outstretched arm, he interposed. "'Twas that which killed him. I gave it to the lady to protect her, when the Sepoy came to outrage and kill her; he smelled of it, and my favorite serpent stung him, and he quickly died."

"But she may have done the same."

"No, for I warned her; she knew the danger."

They thought she was still concealed somewhere in the house, and the two proceeded to make a thorough search. Dowlah discovered from the appearance of the water jars that she had visited them, but there was no other sign to indicate her course of flight.

"She has fled to Bathoo for protection," said the Asiatic.

"And what has he done with her?" demanded Livingston, scarcely able to suppress his emotion.

"You shall see."

Approaching the god with the same evidence of profound veneration as at first, Dowlah placed his hand beneath the ample canopy that shrouded the lower portion of the figure, and reaching the rope, to which reference has already been made, gave it a smart pull.

It was evident that some movement had taken place, although precisely what it was, was concealed by the drapery.

"I told her to flee to Bathoo, and she has done so. Follow me and step carefully."

As he spoke, he raised the curtain, and Captain Ned saw a circular opening in the pedestal, at the feet of the god, large enough to permit the passage of a man's body. Stepping forward, Dowlah began sinking down through it, speedily followed by the sailor. The moment they began the descent, the drapery dropped back into place, the trap-door closed with a spring, and they were in utter darkness.

"There are but a few steps more," said the Snake-Charmer, in a reassuring voice, "and there is no danger."

"But whither does this dark passage lead?"

"You will soon learn; walk slowly and listen."

Accepting this advice, the captain slowly grouped his way along. By stretching out his hands, he ascertained that the passage was four or five feet in width, its height being such that he could not touch it with his upreaching hand. The rumble and turmoil of the city above their heads came in a faint, almost inaudible murmur, and it seemed, enveloped thus in impenetrable darkness, that they were pursuing their way through the abodes of the dead.

Suddenly there was a slight confusion in front, and as Dowlah raised his voice in warning, Captain Ned pitched headlong over some obstruction.

"Another dead body," he exclaimed, quickly regaining his feet, and groping around with his hands. Examination, however, proved it to be a large stone that by some means had become displaced from the wall.

Presently a faint light was seen gradually stealing into the passage, and this, with a certain increase in the distinctness of the rumbling sound that had first struck his ear, convinced the Captain that they were nearing the outlet of the passage.

Still Dowlah did not open his mouth, and he refrained from asking him any questions, satisfied that this mysterious business would soon end, so far as this subterranean passage-way could clear it up.

But what about Cora? This was the question which he had already asked himself a hundred times, and which he was all eagerness and anxiety to have answered.

Had she fled along this midnight avenue, and if so, had she found death or life at the termination?

As he thus reflected, a sudden light dazed him for a moment, caused by Dowlah opening a narrow door, which let in the clear sunlight upon the blackness through which they had been picking their way. They were on the bank of the swiftly flowing Ganges, and almost on a level with its surface. The door was so covered with grass that it was scarcely possible to detect its existance from the outside. Cautiously advancing, Dowlah peered out, and in a voice full of disappointment, he turned to the American and slowly said:

"The lady has fled, but I know not where."

CHAPTER XXIX.

In the path of duty grows many a thorn,
And black is the scorn of a selfish world;
But there never was night without its morn,
And after the tempest the clouds are furled;
For over all spreadeth the bright blue sky,
And we trust in our God, who is always nigh!
—*Wm. Winter.*

When Cora Wilson caught sight of the Sepoys in the court which surrounded the god Bathoo, she held grasped in her hand the cord which she had been instructed to seize, and an instinctive impulse made her draw aside the drapery and attempt to conceal herself beneath it.

As she made the movement, she dropped through an opening, caused by the pull upon the cord, the trap door abruptly closed behind her, and she comprehended at that moment the plan of Dowlah to save her, in case of pursuit.

Her next thought was that she had not availed herself of the means of escape soon enough, and the Sepoys having seen whither she had gone would lose no time in following; she hastily ascended the steps, with the intention of fastening the door from the lower side, but after groping around for some time, she was utterly unable to find anything resembling a door, and after listening some time, she could hear nothing of her foes above.

"It is a secret from them!" she exclaimed, with a great sigh of relief. "Dowlah and perhaps a few others are the only ones who know aught of it. I am secure here for the present, at least."

Carefully descending the steps, she began groping her way forward, advancing in the darkness with great caution, fearing that each step might precipitate her into unknown danger, perhaps instant death.

It was a long subterranean passage, leading from the Hindoo god Bathoo to the Ganges, and the girl took many hours to accomplish it. When at last, she reached the terminus, and pressing her hand against it suddenly forced open the door, she found that all was dark upon the outside, but in the glimmer of the moonlight, she saw the broad, rapid Ganges sweeping by, and caught the twinkle of light upon the opposite side of the river. The rattle of musketry and the boom of cannon sounded startlingly near, and something seemed to tell her that the final struggle had taken place that day, and the rising of the morrow's sun would either see Cawnpoor saved, or her rescuers hopelessly overthrown.

What should she do now? As she looked back into the deep gloom behind her, she fancied she heard the sounds of footsteps along the passage.

"They have entered and are hunting for me," she gasped, and yielding to the first impulse of terror, she sprang through the opening, closed the door behind her, and hurried away. Aware of the imminent danger in which she was now placed, she proceeded with great caution, and still keeping close to the margin of the river, halted after she had gone about a hundred yards, believing that to advance further would result in captivity and certain death.

A little clump of bushes grew near the water, and several boats were tied to them. This seemed to afford the best place for concealment, and she hastily secreted herself there to await the coming of the morrow. The poor, cowering fugitive had undergone so much fatigue and anxiety, that now, when a feeling something akin to security came over her she sank into a deep, dreamless slumber, which lasted until daylight. Even then she would not have awakened but for the frightful tumult going on around her. Crowds were swarming across the river; the boats were so full that a number sank, and their occupants could be seen frantically striving to save themselves from drowning; others were breasting the current on horseback, and for fully half a mile, the Ganges seemed to be literally choked with the multitude.

For several moments Cora gazed upon the strange scene in dumb amazement, and then the blessed truth broke upon her.

The English were in Cawnpoor!

There could be no mistake about it, and it required the greatest effort of self-control to resist shouting aloud with joy. The fugitives were all around, hurrying by so closely that she could have touched them with her outstretched hand. Each was intent upon his own safety, and thinking only of a safe retreat from the avenging British.

She would not have enjoyed this immunity from danger, but for the fact that the Snake-Charmer had dyed and disguised her so thoroughly, that those of the flying mob who did see, supposed she was a good Hindoo like themselves.

Frenzied exclamations filled the air, but they were in a language she could not understand; and fearful that her seeming indifference might draw suspicion to herself, Cora affected a certain degree of excitement and terror, as if she, too, was bent upon escape, fearful, all the time, lest some burly Sepoy suddenly struck with sympathy at her distress, should carry her away in one of the boats.

Gradually she worked her way further up the stream, to avoid the panic-stricken multitude. All the time scarcely a gun was fired, for the battle had been fought and won upon the previous day, but now and then she caught strains of martial music, such as she knew must come from the bands of the triumphant troops.

In addition to her fears of the natives, she was not without some apprehension of the treatment she might receive at the hands of the English soldiery, who would be very likely to mistake her for an Asiatic, and these considerations disturbed her so much, that she wandered back to the place where she had spent the night, close to the outlet of the subterranean passage.

"I wonder where it can be," she exclaimed to herself, walking slowly along, carefully searching, but unable to discover the least sign to indicate the place from which she had emerged the night before.

She was still walking slowly along, on the search, when scarcely a dozen yards away the ground opened, and two men appeared. Her position at this precise moment was such that she was hid from view by the intervening branches. Supposing them to be enemies, she stood still, not daring to advance or retreat. She could not see them distinctly, but by-and-by both appeared above ground, and walked up the river bank.

She noticed that the first was a Sepoy whom she did not remember to have seen before, and in the second, as he came forward, she recognized, with amazed delight, Captain Ned Livingston, her beloved.

A faint scream escaped her, and both men looked toward her.

With her stained face and Hindostani dress, her lover did not recognize her, but a few hurried words from Dowlah, and the next moment he held her fast in his arms, pressed closely and fondly to his faithful heart, while he covered the warm face with loving, passionate kisses, and murmured between his own tears:

"Great Heaven! how can I thank thee for this mercy? What have I done that I should be thus favored among so many hundreds, whose dearest ones have died the most cruel of deaths!"

It was a long time before the lovers became sufficiently calm to converse of the past. There was no reference then nor ever afterward, to that painful misunderstanding under which they had separated weeks before in Calcutta. Captain Ned was too magnanimous to show that he remembered it. Cora knew that he must understand how vividly she felt her own punishment—both were too devoutly thankful for their marvellous escape to permit anything to mar their present great happiness. They walked back together to the encampment, where quarters were assigned the young lady until her return home. Dowlah gave her a preparation which effectually removed the stain from her face, and restored her own beautiful complexion, to the delight of her enraptured lover. The Snake-Charmer, in answer to a summons from General Havelock, was conducted to his presence, and after receiving important instructions from the commanding general, Captain Livingston sought him out, and endeavored to force a handsome reward upon him, for the great and valuable services he had rendered, but the Sepoy absolutely refused to accept any gratuity whatever; and on the 25th started with General Havelock for the relief of Lucknow. In one of the sanguinary engagements fought by that daring commander, the Snake-Charmer was shot dead.

After-developments led to the supposition that this strange man was at first a spy in the service of the King of Delhi, and that such was his profession when he and Captain Ned Livingston met in the curious manner narrated in the streets of Calcutta. His change of allegiance was never explained, but who shall say that the friendly act of the American, when he was so sorely pressed, was not the inciting cause.

The lovers, under charge of a strong escort, descended the Ganges in safety, and shortly after entered Calcutta, from which point Captain Ned engaged a swift sailing vessel to take him in search of the Nautilus. True to his orders, he found his faithful mate cruising off the mouth of the Mahanuddy, as he had been doing for several weeks past, awaiting the return of his captain.

The voyage homeward was without incident worthy of note, and within a year from the time Cora Wilson left the awful Subada Kothee, in Cawnpoor, she became the bride of the proud, happy Captain Ned Livingston, who feels, even now as he looks lovingly upon, her that she was saved to him through the marvellous fidelity, devotion and courage of Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer.

THE END.

EULOGY ON WOMEN. — "How can the rose grow without sunshine? How can the violet bloom on the salty soil? Lo! women are flowers, that are always becoming more beautiful and fragrant the more they are guarded and cared for. But men should be keepers in the garden of beauty; they may rejoice themselves in the fragrance of the flowers, but they may not rumple them with rude hands. Just as the weed is rooted from the flower-bed, so should all that is base and common be removed far away from the neighborhood of woman! Tread upon the rose with thy feet, and its thorns amaze thee; watch over it with love and care, and it will bloom and be fragrant, an ornament to itself and thee. Make thyself of thine own accord a slave to a woman, and she will not bear it, but will herself bow before thee, and in thankful love look up to thee as her lord; make a woman by force thy slave, and she will bear it still less, but will seek by craft and cunning to obtain dominion over thee. For the empire of love is the empire of contradictions; the wise man marks this, and acts accordingly. The more one has to do with women the more one learns to know them; and the more one learns to know them, the more one learns to love them; and the more one loves them, the more one is loved again—for every true love finds its response, and the highest love is the highest wisdom."

WHAT a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learn to talk, to distinguish colors, etc. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?

HAPPY PERSONS.—There are persons who may be called fortunate, if not elect; namely, those who, from the felicity of their natural constitution, desire only what is good, who act for love, and show pure morality in their actions. In these happy beings, the superior feelings predominate much over those common to men and animals.

THE strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mightiest oak quivers in the softest breeze.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

A curious creature am I,
For if I must live I must die,
And if I can't die I can't live,
And so up the ghost I must give,
Unless fortune doth me befriend,
And to me her blessings extend;
But if on myself I depend,
To live, I must die to the end.

JOSEPH CARPENTER.

CHARADE.

My first denotes equality,
My second means decay,
My whole is very often seen
In South America.

GAHMER.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Doesn't rain, Tom.
2. Saint on top, sir.
3. An' unless he can beg.
4. Tame men, sure.
5. Pairs cannot riot.
6. I cum on income tax.

LITTLE ONE.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A vowel. 2. A lady's name. 3. The plural of a beautiful flower. 4. One of the Prophets. 5. A city of Holland. 6. A terrible disease. 7. A lonely condition for a female. 8. A spring month. 9. A consonant. Centrals form a city of Holland. LITTLE ONE.

ACROSTIC.

1. A president of the United States. 2. One of the Muses. 3. An ancient philosopher. 4. One of the Muses. 5. An Egyptian queen. 6. An English novelist. 7. A Theban warrior. 8. An Irish saint. 9. A Grecian battle. My whole the shortest verse in the bible.

LITTLE ONE.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Mad master.
2. I bore malt.
3. Heap corn.
4. Sob not.
5. No can't.
6. More.
7. Rob bad sea.
8. Sabre mud.
9. Charges.
10. Bob May.
11. Mail.
12. Pure.

FORT TOTTEN.

FLORAL REBUS.

A flower whose language is "Hope."
A flower whose language is "Compassion."
A flower whose language is "A token."
A flower whose language is "I have a message for you."
A flower whose language is "Beware."
A flower whose language is "Le plus soin, le plus cher."
A plant whose language is "Disdain."
A plant whose language is "Peace."
A flower whose language is "Inconstancy."
A flower whose language is "I wound to heal."
My initials form the name of a flower whose language is "Devotion."

AZARIAN.

ENIGMATICAL LOVE LETTER.

I have twined you a wreath, but its fanciful braid
Does not glow with those colors the brightest in hue;
Yet not without thought the selection was made,
As your heart will confess, if its feelings be true:
Then gleam from my posey its gracious intent,
And return, as in duty, the offerings now sent.

There is first the fair flower that some poets propose
As a bud of more charms than that idol the rose;
'Tis as sweet, and as pure, and as lovely—but yes,
What that bud and its emblem, I leave you to guess!

To contrast with this blossom, earth's fairest of flowers,
We will seek for a branch from the evergreen bowers;
There is one which to Hope and to Memory is dear—
And its promise is Peace—Oh, that branch shall be here!

I have been to the woods, and the zephyrs betrayed
Where some shy fragrant flowers their hiding-place made;
I discovered and culled them, though coyly they grew,
Where the green leaves most thickly their dark shadows threw.

Now I'll twine in that blossom as free and as wild
As the light wind that owns her Spring's favorite child;
She is young, she is fair, and in blushes arrayed,
Is a sweet fairy promise to punish my braid.

'Tis complete; yet unless you are fettered in mind,
You will well own there is something far dearer behind.
Then write the initials, and pause on the name,
It will softly disclose; though to speak it were shame.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 16.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx," No. 10, Vol. 54.

ENIGMAS.—1. Gas Light. 2. A River.

CHARADES.—1. Tulip. 2. Cole-ridge. 3. Burgundy. 4. Baltimore. 5. Philadelphia. 6. Childhood.

WORDS SQUARE.—

1.
CREW
RUDE
EDEN
WENT

2.
YEAR
EBRO
ARAB
ROBE

HIDDEN TREES.—1. Maple. 2. Elm. 3. Almond. 4. Cypress. 5. Aspen. 6. Ash.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because they are Mammy-looks (Mamelukes). 2. One is what you wear, and the other what you was.

FACETIÆ

MOTTO FOR THE MARRIED.—Never dis-pair.

A BAD SIGN.—To sign another man's name to a note.

"TELLING AN UNVERACITY" is the latest now and elegant phrase out.

WHY is a door always in the subjunctive?—Because it's would, or should be.

AN Irishman, on being asked how ice creams are made, replied, "Sure, they bake them in a cold oven."

BRUNO rebuked for wearing out his stockings at the toes, a little urchin replied that it couldn't be helped—"toes wriggled and heels didn't."

BROWN'S EXPERIENCE.—Brown (shaving): "Lose my temper! I'll be bound you'd lose your temper if you had a razor as dull as this!" Wife of his bosom: "Why, it was sharp enough when I cut my corns last night!"

POETRY is spoiled by the addition of a single word. A young lady, after listening to her lover's rhapsodic description of the setting sun, exclaimed: "Oh, Alphonso! Alphonso! what a soul you have for art; you were meant for a great painter!" Her father, unexpectedly close behind, added, "and glazier!"

DINING OUT TO ADVANTAGE.—A little girl who is accustomed to the plainest style of living was taken by her mother to dine with a rich friend lately. On her returning to her humble home she called out to her sister, in an ecstasy of triumph and delight, "Oh, Polly, we had four dinners all one after another!"

A St. Louis girl has got her name in the papers by raising a moustache on her upper lip. A great many Norristown girls have had moustaches on their upper lips, and the papers never said anything about it. And what is more remarkable, the same moustaches were on the lips of young men at the same time.

AN undergraduate at Cambridge, who found among the questions on his examination paper this: "Why will not a pin stand on its point?" elaborately explained the point thus: "1. A pin will not stand on its head; much less is it possible that it should stand on its point. 2. A point, according to Euclid, is that which has no parts and no magnitude. A pin cannot stand on that which has no parts and magnitude, and therefore a pin cannot stand on its point. 3. It will, if you stick it in."

A LEARNED and enthusiastic orator recently startled his audience by the following sentence: "Sir, let those beware who would trifle with the popular will. In the language of the poet, '*Vocilis dei vox populi*'—The voice of the people is the voice of God." This is nearly as good as the illustration once used by a member of a certain Down East Legislature: "Mr. Speaker," said the member, referring to the question under debate, "this matter is like Pandora's box—the more you stir it, the worse it smells!"

'TWAS EVER THUS.

I never reared a young gazelle,
(Because, you see, I never tried,)
But, had it known and loved me well,
No doubt the creature would have died.
My rich and aged Uncle John
Has known me long and loves me well,
But still persists in living on—
I would he were a young gazelle!

I never loved a tree or flower;
But if I had, I beg to say,
The blight, the wind, the sun, or shower,
Would soon have withered it away.
I've dearly loved my Uncle John,
From childhood to the present hour,
And yet he will go living on—
I would he were a tree or flower.

LAW TERMS.—Not long since an eminent commercial lawyer related the ensuing anecdote as an illustration of the "composition" which sometimes entered into the selection of a jury:

"I had a very important case," said he, "involving some eighty or a hundred thousand dollars. It was a protracted case, owing to the complicated interests involved in it, and altogether a very tedious trial. When it was finally given to the jury, the judge remarked to them, as they were about leaving the court-room for private consultation, that if, during the progress of the case, any terms of law had been used or any rules stated, that they did not fully understand, the court was prepared beforehand to make all needful explanations.

"Upon this, one of the jurors, a man with a high, bald head, and a calm blue eye, upon whose sense of justice I had greatly relied (for he had paid the strictest attention to the entire proceedings) arose and said:

"'I believe I understand all the rules that have been laid down, but there are two terms of law that have been a good deal used during the trial that I should like to know the meaning of.'

"'Very well, sir,' responded the judge, 'what terms of law do you allude to?'

"'Well,' said our model juror, 'the words I mean, are the words *plaintiff* and *defendant*.'"

KIND INQUIRIES.—Cousin Kate was a sweet, wide-awake beauty of about seventeen, and she took into her head to go to New Jersey, to see some relations of hers residing there. Among these relations there chanced to be a young swain who had seen Kate on a previous occasion, and seeing, fell deeply in love with her. He called at the house on the evening of her arrival, and she met him on the piazza, where she was enjoying the evening air in company with two or three of her friends.

The poor fellow was so bashful that he could not find his tongue for some time. At length he stammered out:

"How's your mother?"

"Quite well, thank you."

Another silence on the part of Josh, during which Kate and her friends did the best they could to relieve the monotony. After waiting about fifteen minutes for him to commence to make himself agreeable, he again broke the silence by—

"How's your father?" which was answered much after the same fashion as the first one, and then followed another silence like the other.

"How's your father and mother?" again put in the bashful lover.

"Quite well, both of them." This was followed by an exchange of glances and a suppressed smile.

This lasted some ten minutes more, during which Josh was fidgetting in his seat and stroking his Sunday hat. But at length another question came—

"How's your parents?"

This produced an explosion that made the woods ring.

HOPE.

BY M. F. EOAN.

Ah, oft do you deceive me, Hope!
Aye, oft and oft!
My fairest dreams with you elope—
So soft, so soft—
I hardly know that you have fled—
Ah, Hope, false Hope!
I scarce have time a tear to shed,
Or sadly mope,
When you bring them back again,
So bright, so bright,
But only to renew my pain,
O wicked sprite!

Yet, Hope, I can forgive you here
Delusive dreams and antics queer;
For from earth you'll not be riven—
We can never meet in Heaven.
Alas, poor Hope!

GALL AND WORMWOOD.

BY PEARL AMBROSE.

Harvey Mortimer stood in Miss Dayton's reception-room. He had been admitted two minutes before, and had given his card to the servant, and was just a little piqued that his betrothed kept him waiting so long.

Never before had she been so derelict. Before this evening, he had never waited three minutes for her to come rustling down, and now this delay was astonishing.

He had just made up his mind to jerk the bell-pull and ascertain if the servant had neglected to announce him, when she appeared.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Mortimer, but I did not know Miss Julie was not at home until this moment."

Harvey's eyebrows lifted an instant in surprise.

"Not at home? Well, she will see my card when she returns. Thank you."

That is what he said as he took up his hat and cane, but what he thought was different decidedly.

He was not pleased, this lover of Julie Dayton's, who had given her to understand he would come that evening, and then, coming, found her from home.

He walked away with more sternness in his eyes than Julie had ever seen there, trying to conquer the strange sensation of discomfort that possessed him.

And Julie—beautiful, lustrous-eyed Julie, with her arch, tender glances, and her perfectly bewildering ways—was teaching another lover to appreciate her sweetness, all unconcerned. She had been at home, under the very roof that had covered Harvey Mortimer, the impatient minutes he stood there.

When she knew he was gone, she went down-stairs into the large drawing-room, where the lights were turned up just enough to make the apartment delightfully dusk, yet sufficiently light to reveal the elegance of its appointments and the unexceptionable toilet she wore for—not Harvey Mortimer's eyes—the lover to whom she had plighted her truth. She looked every inch what she was externally—a handsome, stylish, aristocratic girl, and to her own heart, as she met the brilliant gaze of her eyes in the pier glass, she acknowledged the truth that it wasn't much wonder that Ray Graham was in love with her just as deeply as Harvey Mortimer was.

Ray Graham!

And it was his step she was listening for now with ears that had gladly heard the distancing footstep of the man she had promised to marry.

She didn't have very long to wait. When she heard his trend in the hall, she arose, with no pretence of indifference, to welcome him. He met her with an arm extended to throw around her waist and draw her close to his side.

"Julie, you are glad to see me?"

He bent his lips to her forehead.

"Oh, Ray, would I have denied myself to Mr. Mortimer for any other reason than seeing you?"

"He has been here? Julie, darling, when are you going to slip that fellow for my sake?"

"Tell me how I can do it, Ray. You know our engagement is widely known, and papa and mamma would never consent to its being broken."

"But you?—you would consent; and if you want me to tell you how—why, listen."

So, with his eager eyes watching her own, his low love tones coming so sweetly to her ears, he asked her to surprise everybody and delight him and herself by a secret marriage—an elopement, if she would consent.

He told it all so plausibly. He painted pictures of their wedding tour; the coming home, freely forgiven; and all their lives thereafter, so brimful of happiness.

"But, Ray, if they should not forgive me?"

He smiled at that. "Well, if they should not—why, I think I can keep us from starving, can't I? But how can they help receiving you again, darling? Who could steel their heart against you?"

So, with his unanswerable flatteries, he prevailed on the beautiful young heiress to fly with him, and the first that Harvey Mortimer knew of his sudden bereavement was the announcement of their marriage and departure for California.

Of course it was an awful blow—one that made him fairly stagger under the crushing weight of shame, wounded pride and murdered love—one that added the first stray silver thread to his jet-black hair.

But Harvey Mortimer was not a man to die under any accumulation of trouble. He went on in his accustomed ways, perhaps haltingly at first—certainly more determinedly every day—as his soul emerged more and more from the cloud Julie had cast over it, until, after five years had added their record to his pure, noble life, until three times he had seen the winter snows and summer grasses cover the double grave of Julie's heart-broken parents.

His widowed sister and her boy lived in his elegant house—the very house where Julie Dayton had lived so many years, from which she had gone one afternoon five years ago; to which she never had returned; to which no letter ever had come.

It had been a pitiful ending of the family; a heart-crushing break-up.

Mr. Dayton had been demented. He rushed into hazardous speculations that took immense capital, and the end was he and his wife had been buried at Harvey's expense. He bought the house and furniture, just as it stood, and brought Mrs. Armitage and his nephew and namesake—little Mortimer—to his home.

His gentle, sympathetic sister knew his heart's story, and while she forbore to mention it at any time, by her tender delicacy and touching care for his welfare she manifested her womanly desire to be all in all to him.

So their lives flowed on, a deep, quiet current, unbroken by eddies, until one night—one dark, stormy night, when the March winds tore through the leafless tree branches, and shrieked, and moaned, and wailed at every window with a dismal weariness that made Harvey Mortimer think his little world at home very pleasant indeed.

In the midst of this peace came the herald of what so suddenly broke up all of calm and quiet in that household for days—a quick, sharp, imperious ring at the door bell; a strange, hurried voice questioning the servant.

Harvey Mortimer looked up in silent, stern surprise, that changed to a white, horrified expression as he met Julie's weird, sad eyes.

She had glanced in amazement at the strange faces of Mrs. Armitage and her boy. She had opened her lips to speak, when she caught sight of Harvey's face, and then she fairly crushed one wan, thin hand over her eyes, and staggered away, a pitiful moan on her quivering lips. She had come back thus, who had gone in reckless thoughtlessness. She came in plainest, almost mean, garb, who had gone in almost regal attire.

And she had heard nothing, so she told Mrs. Armitage afterwards.

She and her husband had written, begged and implored forgiveness. But when, after a year, no answer came, they had given up in despair. After that, Ray had seemed to care less and less for her.

Her diamonds were gone, her health began to fade, her husband took to drinking; and then she repented—oh, how bitterly!—in sackcloth and ashes of humiliation. Latterly, Ray had gambled, and then, one night, in a drunken brawl, had been dealt a blow he never recovered from; and then, when he was dead and buried, she had come home.

And there was no home, no mother, no father—and bitterer than the gall and wormwood of all her piteous past was the knowledge that she had so unwittingly rushed into *his* presence.

He was so good, so kind, so like himself, and yet so unlike himself; so quietly anxious for her welfare, so unostentatiously thoughtful for what he knew she would prefer, and yet so many million impassable gulfs forever between them!

She realized it with an agony unspeakable, and in all the years she lived with his gentle sister, teaching Morty until he grew to be a great boy—in the after days, when she bloomed into a semblance of herself again, and she knew Harvey Mortimer had thoroughly forgiven her, she knew, with just anguish of heart, with deserved bitterness of soul, that she would be never more to him or any other lover on earth.

And all for a love she knew was wrong, Julie Graham sat her down, for all after days, in sackcloth and ashes.

BESSIE'S EXPERIMENT.

BY GEORGIE C.

"I say, Harry, old fellow, what would that little wife of yours say could she have seen you to-night?"

"Bessie? oh, she don't mind, bless her little heart. She thinks everything I do is all right."

"And would it do any good for her to think otherwise? She may be submissive and resigned, without being happy; for I don't believe any wife can be happy who is so neglected; besides, Harry, people are beginning to talk——"

"Then I just wish people would mind their own business; as I consider myself perfectly competent to manage mine. I am master of my house, going and coming where and when I please. Neglect my wife, indeed—why, man, I love her as my life."

"Then all I have to say is, if you have found such a model wife, you are by no means a model husband."

"What would you have me do; sit home and mope all the time? Oh, no; that kind of a life would not suit me."

"Is she less attractive now than before you married her? I don't believe you moped through the evenings then; nor found enough of them in a week. Give up your clubs, Harry, and your bachelor habits, take your wife out with you more, and let her see that you can be both husband and lover."

"Come, come, Morgan, that shows what you know of women; it would not do to let one's wife know how much you love her; it spoils her."

"I don't like the ring of that metal, Harry; it sounds like selfishness," said Mr. Morgan, as he walked off, leaving Harry Grayham to finish his cigar alone.

"What an old busybody Jack is getting to be," muttered Harry, looking after his friend. "Yes, and you can mind your business with the rest, Mr. Morgan."

The above conversation occurred in the garden of a fashionable club, at the close of one of the semi-weekly concerts, during which Harry Grayham had been the centre and apparently the life of a party of gay gentlemen.

In the meantime let us take a peep at the neglected young wife, and see if "she doesn't mind it."

The drawing-room is lighted as if for company; there sits Bessie—blue eyed and golden haired. What are those stains on the book she has been trying to read? Ah, truant husband! they are tears—don't she care for your company? listen:

"Oh, dear! I do wish Harry would come; it is so dull here alone; he never seems to care to be with me any more; I may practice his favorite songs, and read the papers to be able to talk with him, but it's all no use, he never has time to hear me. What shall I do?" And she sat for some time in a brown study; but seemed suddenly to have mastered the situation, for she had a resolute woman's heart within, childish as she appeared; and by the time Harry came whistling up the steps, she sprang to meet him, her face wreathed in smiles.

"Well, Rosebud," said he, carelessly kissing and pinching her cheek, "here are some bon-bons for you."

"Thanks, Harry, dear; are you not very warm?"

"Oh, no; I have just come from the club, and the garden was quite cool. Bessie, I don't suppose you will mind my going to the Carnival to-morrow night?"

"Is it respectable, Harry?"

"Oh, yes; perfectly so, everybody goes."

"Will you take me, Harry?"

"Oh—ah—well, not this time, Bessie; you see there is a party of us going *en masque*, just to have some fun. You can go over to mother's, or get some of your friends to come and stay with you."

"Very well," assented Bessie, meekly.

And Harry left her the next night, mentally congratulating himself on having found such a treasure; and arriving at the Academy gave himself up wholly to the enjoyment of the time and scene.

He had not been long on the floor before his attention was attracted by a coquettish little French peasant, and after following her up for some time, he ventured to offer himself as a partner, and was soon whirling round the floor to the delicious music, with what seemed to him a perfect fairy in his arms. They walked, danced, flirted; but try as he would, he could get her to speak nothing but French; she several times alluded to little personal peculiarities of his own that made him doubly curious to find out who his fair charmer could be; he therefore hovered near till the hour for unmasking arrived, when, lo! it was his own submissive little Bessie.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, in unfeigned surprise, but not daring to show the anger he really felt, "you here?"

"Yes, Harry, dear," answered Bessie, her eyes sparkling with excitement, "you said everybody came, and isn't it delightful? of course you know me all the time?"

"Hem! oh, certainly;" but poor Harry's fun was spoiled; the remainder of the evening was very stupid.

The next day, still feeling a little provoked, Harry was late to dinner, but late as he was, he was nearly through his solitary meal ere Bessie appeared on the scene without even an apology for having kept him waiting.

"Have you forgotten our dinner hour, Bessie?" said he, sullenly.

"Oh, no; dear, but we drove further than we intended—and——"

"Who are *we*?" interrupted Harry.

"Oh, why, your friend Captain Burk and I. I forgot to mention that I was going, but then, you know, you don't mind."

"But then, I know, I certainly do mind, Bessie. So you have been out driving with a man like Burk?"

"Why, Harry, you go out with him constantly; and I will never think myself above my husband's friends."

Harry could not but see the mocking undercurrent in her tone, in spite of her ingenuous countenance; but seeing also the utter uselessness of attempting to reason further on the subject, dismissed it until a more auspicious moment should arrive, and finished the meal in silence.

"Bessie," said he, a few days after, "the Baileys are in town from Washington, and I wish you to call on them to-morrow and take them to drive."

"Oh, I am so sorry, I have an important engagement."

"You have—where, and with whom?"

"I have promised to join the Fair Arcadians, and we have a meeting to-morrow to organize. I never used to approve of such things but, you know, dear, it is the fashion now; besides, it helps to kill time, for I am *so* dull here of evenings."

Harry's conscience smote him, but he answered sternly, "I trust you will give up this absurd idea, Bessie; you know I disapprove of such things; what do women want with clubs?"

"You should be able to answer that question satisfactorily, since you belong to no less than three."

"That is very different."

"But where is the difference, Harry?"

"Why? because—because—a woman's place is home." Thinking that would be a settler, he sullenly devoted himself to his newspaper, wondering what could have wrought such a change in his all-submissive Bessie, who, instead of the patient, loving little wife he was always sure to find awaiting his return, no matter at what hour of the night that might be, was now constantly on the go, her time completely engrossed with driving, shopping, and two or three societies which she had joined. In vain he attempted to remonstrate; she was always ready with an excuse.

Finally, Harry's mother undertook to see what she could do towards effecting a reformation in this state of affairs.

"Bessie, I don't want to be meddlesome, but do you not see you are making Harry wretched?"

"Am I?" exclaimed Bessie; "dear me, how? I am doing nothing wrong."

"Perhaps not. I only know the fact that he is so; ask him."

On her return home, she entered the drawing-room to find Harry lying on the sofa, apparently asleep; but certainly not enjoying pleasant dreams, from his expression.

Kneeling, she pressed a kiss on his forehead.

"Are you sick, Harry?" she said, laying her cool little hands on his fevered brow.

"Yes, Bessie, heart sick of this way of living."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I mean there is no sunlight in our home any more. Come in when I will, you are never here; you have lost all your domesticity, woman's chief charm, and it is embittering my life."

"Are you not happy, Harry?" asked Bessie, gently.

"How can I be?"

"And do you suppose that I am?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this," said Bessie. "I have been treating you homœopathically, dear, 'like cures like.' The first year of my married life I spent in just such a lonesome way; you never at home, your time being wholly engrossed by balls, card parties, champagne suppers, and your clubs; whilst I, your wife, was left to put in the time as best I could at home. Having resolved, prior to our marriage, to waste neither time nor breath in idle complaints, I kept all to myself, knowing that any attempts at remonstrance would be laughed as woman's whims. I finally concluded it was a poor rule that would not work both ways, and determined to follow your example. I would try the life you seemed to find so fascinating, but do you suppose I have enjoyed it? No, a thousand times no. I have felt sometimes that it would be a relief to return to the old life of loneliness and neglect, but at such moments, pride came to my relief, and I would go on, because it was the fashion. Which shall it be henceforth, dear Harry—the fashionable wife, or your own plain, domestic little Bessie?"

"Your lesson was a severe one, my darling; but one that I shall never forget. Blind fool that I was, to think you did not care. I am thoroughly surfeited with the hollow surface life we have been leading, and willingly renounce it from this night. Let us begin life anew, darling, and try to find in each other compensation for the hours that we are compelled to devote to the outside world."

Is friendship, as in love, we are often happier in our ignorance than in our knowledge.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE BEE.

Two butterflies were sporting in the sun, kissing each other over every flower, and coquetting with wonderful light-heartedness. As they flew hither and thither in their pretty gambols, they came upon a poor bee, who had been married to a golden wasp; but, for all his gilding, he was a wasp still.

The poor wee thing was very desolate and mournful, for her husband had left her for the day without even wishing her good-bye, and she was crawling over a withered leaf, chewing the cud of bitter fancies.

"Good day, my dear," said Madam Butterfly, in her bright, silvery tones. "Good day, friend; but why so sad this sunny morning? Has the mischievous sparrow broken the head of your favorite flower?"

The bee told her gay visitors her tale of sadness; whereupon Mrs. Butterfly exclaimed, "Why, my dear, what can have possessed you, that you have no more spirit? I'd soon bring the gentleman to his senses, I warrant you. See how I manage my husband! He flits with me here and there; and we are sporting, coquetting, and making love to each other all the day long. Why don't you do as I do?"

Saying which, she turned a pirouette on her left wing, and whisked off, without waiting for a reply, to continue her gambols in the merry sunbeams.

"Ah!" sighed the bee, when her visitors were gone, "it's all very well to say so with a butterfly for one's husband; but you would sing another tune, I suspect, if that butterfly were a wasp."

HUMOR AND SARCASM.—It is not everybody who knows where to joke, or when, or how; and whoever is ignorant of these conditions, had better not joke at all. A *gentleman* never attempts to be humorous at the expense of people with whom he is but slightly acquainted. In fact, it is neither good manners nor wise policy to joke at anybody's expense; that is to say, to make anybody uncomfortable merely to raise a laugh. Old Æsop, who was doubtless the subject of many a jibe on account of his humped back, tells the whole story in his fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." What was fun to the youngsters was death to the croakers. A jest may cut deeper than a curse. Some men are so constituted that they cannot take even a friendly joke in good part, and instead of repaying it in the same light coin, will requite it with contumely and insult. Never banter one of this class, or he will brood over your badinage long after you have forgotten it, and it is not prudent to incur any one's enmity for the sake of uttering a smart *double entendre* or a tart repartee. Ridicule, at best, is a perilous weapon. Satire, however, when leveled at social foibles and political evils, is not only legitimate, but commendable. It has shamed down more abuses than were ever abolished by force of logic.

GENIUS is lord of the world. Men labor at the foundation of society, while the lowly lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel, to the pinnacle, and, standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountains of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout—not to the burnished shaft, but to the lark—lost from it in the sky.

DOCTORS' CANES.—It was formerly the practice among physicians to carry a cane having a hollow head, the top of which was gold, pierced with holes like a pepper-box. The top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

ANGER wishes that all mankind had only one neck; love, that it had only one heart; grief, two tear glands; and pride, two bent knees.

MONEY GETTING.—Some people think that it is necessary to be mean and miserly in order to become wealthy. There never was a greater mistake. Any man of common intelligence may be prosperous if he chooses to labor diligently and faithfully in a calling which he thoroughly understands. Of course, prudence is indispensable to success—*prudence*, mind, not *niggard meanness*. The man who, commencing with little or nothing, has resolved to rise, must also resolve to sacrifice nothing to appearance. He cannot gain one true friend, nor obtain any popularity that will be really useful to him in his efforts to achieve independence, by endeavoring to *seem* to *have* that which he has not. The world is shrewder than Pretension supposes it to be. It is a curious world—looks sharply into people's private affairs, and if an individual makes a show beyond his means, soon discovers and distrusts him. No one who has a fortune to make, or who desires to receive even a moderate competence, can afford to incur the world's distrust. Therefore, if you are at the foot of the ladder and want to mount, go up in your work-day guise, and don't affect purple and fine linen.

IT is far easier to feign respect when we do not feel it, than to express it when we actually do; for which reason, frank, straightforward people always appear hypocritical to suspicious ones. The very fear of something deceitful makes us seem so.

WINTER, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of the eternity before us.

THE most authentic witnesses of any man's character are those who know him in his own family, and see him without any restraint, or rule of conduct but such as he voluntarily prescribes to himself.

ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR BEAUTIFYING the complexion there is no article in use equal to *Madame de Rossa's Ambeo*. It is entirely free from all injurious ingredients, gives the skin a rich, natural bloom, and removes pimples, tan, etc. Sold by Druggists. Price, 50 cents. Miller Bros., 113 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

GLASS CALLING CARDS, Red, Blue, White, *Clear and Transparent*. Your name printed in GOLD on 1 doz., 50c.; 3, $1; sample, 10c.; agents' outfit, 25c. E. JAMES & Co., Columbus, O.

VENTRILOQUISM. Only correct Method, 25 cents, post-paid. E. JOSEPH, Brooklyn, L. I.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs nothing to try it. Particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms Free. Address GEO. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers of every kind. Send stamp for Illustrated Price List to Great Western GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere.—Our New Combination Tool, Can Opener, Knife and Scissors Sharpener, Glass-cutter and Screw-driver. Sample by mail, 50 cts. Phila. Novelty Manuf'g Co., 604 Franklin street, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED—Men or Women; $34 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. Read, Eighth st., New York.

WATERS' NEW SCALE PIANOS, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT, *are the best made. The* touch elastic, *the* tone powerful, pure *and even through the* entire scale, *yet* mellow *and* sweet. WATERS' CONCERTO ORGANS *cannot be* excelled *in* tone *or* beauty; *they* defy competition. *The* Concerto Stop *is a* fine imitation *of the* Human Voice. All *are* warranted *for* 6 years. PRICES EXTREMELY LOW *for* cash *or part* cash, *and* balance *in* monthly *or* quarterly payments. Second-hand Instruments taken *in* exchange *for* new; *also, for* sale *at great* bargains. AGENTS WANTED *in* every county *in the* U. S. A liberal discount *to Teachers, Ministers, Churches, Schools, Lodges, etc.* Illustrated Catalogues mailed.
HORACE WATERS & SON,
481 Broadway, N. Y. P. O. Box 3567.

THE CORRUGATED
STOVE-PIPE ELBOW,
MADE ON THE
ONLY TRUE PRINCIPLE,

combining Strength, Beauty and Durability. Outwears all others and gives a perfect draft, making it the most economical and satisfactory. Sold by dealers everywhere. Manufactured by
CORRUGATED ELBOW CO.,
52 CLIFF St., New York, 104 W. SECOND St., Cincinnati, 217 LAKE St., Chicago.

SLATE MANTELS
ESTABLISHED 1853.
Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 Ridge av.
WILSON & MILLER,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Electro Silicon
is GUARANTEED to be the BEST ARTICLE KNOWN for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD and SILVER-WARE and HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia.

20th THOUSAND IN PRESS.
AGENTS WANTED for the new book
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
A Kit Carson
By his comrade and friend, D. W. C. Peters, Surgeon U. S. Col. and Surgeon, U. S. A., from facts dictated by himself. The only True and Authentic Life of America's greatest HUNTER, TRAPPER, SCOUT and GUIDE ever published. It contains full and complete description of the Indian tribes of the FAR WEST, as seen by Kit Carson who lived among them all his life. It gives a full, reliable account of the MODOCS, and the MODOC WAR. As a work of HISTORY it is invaluable. A grand opportunity for agents to make money. Our illustrated circulars sent free to all applicants. Write and we'll show territory at once. DUNTON, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn.

FREE TO BOOK AGENTS.
An Elegantly Bound Canvassing Book,
For the best and cheapest Family Bible ever published, will be sent free of charge to any book agent. It contains over 700 fine Scripture Illustrations, and agents are meeting with unprecedented success. Address, stating experience, etc., and we will show you what our agents are doing. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

DR. RADWAY'S
Sarsaparillian Resolvent,
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
FOR THE CURE OF ALL
CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA,
ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,
ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER,
AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,
DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF
THE LUNGS AND THROAT,
PURIFIES THE BLOOD,
RESTORING HEALTH
AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN
AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S
Perfect Purgative Pills.
Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflamation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.
Price 25 cents a box. Sold by Druggists.
DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.

The Boudoir

FASHION NOTES & GOSSIPS

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Since our last gossip with our fair friends, we have received a charming budget of Parisian news; which although offering nothing specially novel, beyond which we have not already advised our readers, yet contains many useful as well as tasteful suggestions concerning articles of the toilette. Among other items of interest were some practical and tasteful hints concerning the selection of a trousseau or *corbeille* for a bride of moderate means.

As "marrying and giving in marriage," is never out of fashion, nor confined to any particular season, it may not be received amiss if we transcribe some of those hints to our pages.

First of all, as a matter of course, comes the bridal dress, which it is said to be more fashionable and desirable to be of satin, instead of faille or gros grain. Many prefer even a slight tint to soften or warm into life the dead white, such as the faintest tint of pink, tea-rose or pearl color.

The underskirt should be made with a long and full train; and very decidedly without an abundance of ornament. The front and side widths fit very plainly to the figure; the only fullness being contained in the large double box plait in which the back breadths are laid. The trimming consisted of two deep flounces of crepe lisse at the back, while the front and side widths were trimmed with puffs and folds of the same arranged diagonally. Double bows of satin ribbon are placed at intervals down each side where the back trimming joins the front. This trimming is suggested where real lace cannot be afforded, since that must always take precedence for such a dress and such an occasion.

There can be an overskirt if desired. Let it be a deep apron, either square or rounded, ending in a wide sash of satin, tied under the pouf, formed by slightly drawing up the back breadths of the underskirt. The waist must be high—so decrees fashion—it may be high at the throat or heart-shaped. The sleeves are puffed from the wrist to the shoulder. If the crepe lisse is used for trimming, a deep frill of it falls over the hand, and a ruff of the same finishes the throat. The veil is of tulle; very long and full, simply hemmed. A short fall of it covers the face during the ceremony, afterwards it is looped aside by the bridesmaid. A cluster or half wreath of orange blooms and jessamine, drooping a little to the left side, keeps the veil in place upon the head. A cluster of the same flowers may be worn either upon the breast, or else near the left shoulder, or in the belt.

Next upon the list was a black silk, which is indeed in these days a necessity. Let it be of a good quality, remembering that in order to reap the advantages of such a dress, and they are not a few, it is essential to have the silk of a fine quality. It is suggested to have this dress made with a demi-train, cut in any of the prevailing modes, and trimmed with jet and lace. Bands of jet trimming placed across the front and sides are new and stylish. Another silk of some medium tint, one of the many beautiful shades of gray now in vogue, will be found useful. We would advise deep trimming, combined with silk of a slightly deeper shade. There is suggested yet another silk, lighter, more fancifully made, useful for evening wear or small receptions. A street costume in cloth, cut in the simple yet elegant style known as the Amazon, accompanied by a Dolman wrap of the same, will be found necessary for street wear as the season advances; also a suit of vigogne, which is always preferable to delaine or any other woolen stuff, unless it be camel's-hair or fine cashmere.

Concerning hats and bonnets, one of each is all that will be necessary. Let them be noted for simplicity of trimming, though the material may be—should be, in point of fact—of the best quality. Dark colors are preferable to light, and the selection of the tints should be directed to their harmonizing with the dresses of the trousseau One should be to wear with the silk suit, the other with the cloth and woolen fabrics. Formerly, as we can all remember, it was the custom to have the bridal bonnet of white, accompanied by a white veil, rendering the wearer a focus for all eyes, and seeming to announce, "Here is the bride; criticise her *ad libitum*." Now, with the advancement of civilization and refinement of taste, everything tending towards conspicuousness is avoided.

Concerning the wraps or cloak for the trousseau, which it will be worth while to touch upon on account of the lateness of the present season and the near approach of winter, velvet must, of course, take the precedence for elegance. Yet, as it is always a costly article, cloth may be advantageously substituted. Black will be the best to have; and here, let us advise again, avoid a superabundance of embroidery and trimming. There is a suggestion concerning the *robe-de-chambre*, or dressing-gown. Gray cashmere, trimmed with silk of a darker shade and black velvet ribbon, or black cashmere, trimmed with blue silk—the *matelasse*, which so prettily simulates a quilted pattern.

We think these hints very judicious concerning the selection of a moderate trousseau, that is, the leading articles, since *lingerie* is not touched upon; and trust the fair *fiancees* among our readers may be benefited by the perusal.

Among some of the new costumes, we noticed a charming one of silk and cashmere. The upper dress was of the latter, and we shall briefly describe it. It was simply a long square apron, braided in longitudinal lines at intervals, and trimmed around the bottom and sides with yak lace. A loop of ribbon, passing under the tournure of the underskirt, caught the two sides of the apron, drawing it carelessly back and giving a shirred appearance to the front. The waist was tight fitting and high, and braided nearly all over in smaller bands to correspond with the apron. Sleeves tight fitting, and with a puff at the shoulder.

We have seen several beautiful new models for hats and bonnets, but have not space in this issue to describe them. Next week we shall describe them, with many other interesting items of the toilette, our object being to make elegant dressing quite possible to all who look for information to our Boudoir.

NIMON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. J. C.—The *colrau basque* is plain and close fitting. Read previous "Boudoirs" for detailed description of them.

ANNIE J.—Shell jewelry is very appropriate for mourning. English crape is the heaviest, and most generally used for veils.

M. H. P.—Yes, we purchase on commission. The shawls you speak of can be purchased from $2.50 and upwards, according to quality. The price of the other articles will depend entirely upon the material and texture. If you mention the exact kind you desire, we shall be better able to tell.

MISS R. B.—Did not receive your letter in time to answer all the questions in this issue—can attend to some, however. 1. A Dolman is a loose jacket or mantle, with immense sleeves—open from the shoulder—the shapes vary. 2. We do not know of any remedy sure to remove freckles, but have heard that powdered saltpetre is good. Wet the face at night and apply the powder. 3, 4 and 5 must stand over for our next.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Dress your little boy in the kilt plaited suits mentioned in the Boudoir. They are made by plaiting the skirt in plaits an inch and a half wide, all laid one way. In our next Boudoir we shall give an explicit account of how such suits are made. The difference between "kilt" and "knife" plaiting is only in the size of the plaits. "Kilt plaiting" means having the plaits all laid one way, but they are generally from one and a half to two inches wide; "knife edge" pleating is in small half and quarter inch plaits. "Ecru" is pronounced "A-cru," and is a very pale shade of buff. Make up the dresses with one deep flounce and apron overskirt, and box plaited waist, or French waist. Very happy to answer your questions.

MY FIRST WHALE.

BY CAPTAIN CLEWLINE.

Whale fishing is to other kinds of fishing what elephant hunting is to rabbit shooting. It is the most royal sport of the seas, full of enterprise and danger, but also full of golden results.

The sperm whale is a very active fish, and it frequently tests its powers by destroying boats and their crews with both jaws and flukes; often have I seen our boats stove in pieces by the whale. As soon as the crew see the danger coming, they jump overboard, afterwards get upon the wreck, or take an oar under their arm until the other boats come and pick them up. Accidents happen with the line getting fast, or taking a man overboard and down with it. Altogether it is a most exciting, but frequently dangerous sport; yet it appeared so fascinating a one to those engaged, that I always felt a great desire to go off in the boats, so that I could closely view the fish, and the killing of him.

On one occasion we were cruising in the great bay of Albemarl, when, early in the day, we found the ship surrounded with cow whales, which are all of a moderate size; the boats down were all fast, and two spare ones on board completely fitted. I begged of the captain to let me take one, with a crew of vounteers, and try my hand. He at last consented, but told me to take care and not get stove, as the boats were all engaged, and could not go after us. As soon as I shouted, "Volunteer boat's crew to chase whales," there was a rush at the gangway to get into her; however, the number being made up, I took off my jacket and shoes, and jumped in.

I believe no boat's crew ever shoved off from a ship's side in so much haste and confusion; in the first place she was nearly swamped under the quarter before we got the forward tackle unhooked; secondly, when she did drop astern, no man was in his place, except myself, occupying my berth in the bow. At last all was in trim and off we pulled to a few whales which were amusing themselves on the surface of the water. On we went to the nearest whale, and pulled up to it, boldly, yet carefully, until the nose of he boat nearly touched it, when in I darted both irons with all my force, exclaiming, "Stern all!" and stern they did quick enough. The fish breached high out of the water, causing such a tremendous plash, that the boat was nearly half filled, and required instant bailing out; this was quickly effected. The whale did not, as usual, sound, but after the breach, made off; so we peaked our oars. I took a turn of the line round the loggerhead, to hold on, and off we flew through the bay, towed away at a rapid rate. There were not more than thirty fathoms of the line out; at last, after coursing over a few miles, it ceased its way; we hauled up alongside, and I lanced it boldly for a few minutes; then off again. Sometimes, when hauling up, and close to the fish, it would raise its flukes, and shake them threateningly at us; then we were obliged to pay out more line to get out of the way.

This game was playing for upwards of four hours, and we were all greatly fatigued, having no interval of rest, and were beginning to think that we should be compelled to cut the line and let all go, when the whale eased its way again. We hauled up with desperation on it, and I got two fortunate darts of the lance into it. It died, and turned over in a few minutes without a struggle, being quite tired out, when all hands in the boat stood up and gave three hearty cheers.

Then came the towing of the whale to the ship, the cutting in alongside (during which hordes of ravenous sharks tore at the whale's flesh), the drawing of the spermaceti from the head, the boiling of the blubber, and the stowing away of the oil into casks, which were then carefully put away below, tierce upon tierce; until at last the carcass of the whale, unloosed from the tackle, was dropped astern, surrounded by sharks in such numbers that the water seemed to be alive with them, while crowds of screaming sea birds hovered about and pecked at the dead leviathan—the great mammoth of the deep.

GOOD MODELS.—Education is very much a question of models. We mould ourselves insensibly after the characters, manners, habits, and opinions of those about us. The child, under the mother's eye, models itself after the mother, whose example teaches it more efficiently than language can do. Is the mother a virtuous, intelligent woman? In nine cases out of ten the child will grow like unto her. Is the mother a slattern, and vicious in temper and habits? Then woe for the child! Who is the boy's model? Is he a good and great man? Then look up, boy, and you will grow towards him!

DEAREST, WHY DIDN'T YOU!

BY W. H. BOUGHTON.

She was working a slipper; but she didn't like *that*;
She sang a little melody, *that* wouldn't do;
She tried to read a little, then she played with the cat,
And then she commenced a note—"Dearest, Why didn't you—?"
And then she tore it up, and then tried to keep still
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

He was reading a novel, but he didn't like *that*,
So he took down his fishing rod, *that* wouldn't do;
Then he whistled to his dog, then he put on his hat,
And *then* commenced a note—"Dearest, Why didn't you—?"
And then he tore it up, and then tried to keep still
And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

The sun dropped out of sight, and she walked up the lane;
He too, quite by chance, of course, came that way;
So they met, and they stopped; not a look would either deign:
Then he said—nothing, and naught had she to say.
At last he look'd up at her, and she look'd up too—
"Why didn't you—Dearest?"—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"

LIFE ON THE LONE CONTINENT.

UNDER THE ACACIAS.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

We were camped down for the night in the midst of a tropical scene. The acacias and ferns were around and above us. Long festoons of flowers drooped earthward. The wattle hung her blooms of gold in the midst of other brilliant dyes. It was like a grand conservatory; and, reclining with half closed eyes, one could readily fix together a gorgeous bouquet, veined and tinted in Nature's choicest tinting. From branch to branch; the birds, like animate jewels, dropped or lifted their elegant plumage.

"I don't like it; it's mysterious," Charlie said, raising up from the turf and propping his head with his hand.

I knew to what he referred, but while I was thinking he went on:

"The boys won't like it. It looks suspicious, and the boys won't like it."

"How you look, Charlie; how lugubrious your tone," I laughed. "The fact is, I didn't want Steve, much less Goff, to know of our proceeding; and you forget that they really are not of our mess."

"I know; but then it is sort of sneaking, and——"

He paused here, and the same shade that had played alternately with the natural sunlight of his face all day was again visible.

"And—what?" I prompted.

He hesitated.

"You'll laugh, Mic, but I had a miserable dream a night or two ago."

"Dream, Charlie? Aren't you a bit nonsensical?"

"I knew that you would laugh, but it's a serious matter to me."

"Laugh? Not I. But let's enumerate the facts of the case. You and I, bosom friends and Bohemians, left New York in search of a fortune. I know nothing of your history, and you of mine. As reporters for daily journals we led a dog's life, hunting for remnants, fragments and general odds and ends, thus obtaining a precarious subsistence. Here, on this lone and scalloped continent, whose circle and circumference remains in an eternal pickle, we manage to make a new and adhesive acquaintance with our wallets and the yellow dust. Now, then, in the wild mines of Balarat commences a series of mysterious, unaccountable and undiscoverable robberies. Scarcely a day passes, or night, rather, but what some miner, or company of miners, is driven distracted over their losses. Forewarned is forearmed, Charlie. You and I have a yearning to once more tread our native land, and having been moderately successful we steal away from the accursed locality to prospect in new diggings."

"But the boys, Mic?"

"Goff is an enigma. Uproarious, talkative, hail fellow with every one; half the time feigning inebriation when his head is as much on the square as yours. Take a mountebank along and expect to safely and privately pursue our business? Impossible! You know how his droll, wild songs and pantomimes kept the crowds around our cabin."

"But, Steve?"

"Gad, Steve! Taciturn and unreadable as an owl. Why I have had the most galling suspicions connected with him. His moving is like that of a panther; his breathing is always suppressed. By Jove! he is the greatest human puzzle that I ever undertook to solve."

"Mic," and Charlie came up squarely upon his elbow, "I allow Steve is unprepossessing in manner; but now, you know, I trust him just like a brother. I've told him my whole history from first to last—more than I ever told you."

"Not about the money—the dust in your bootlegs and belt and wristbands?"

"Not about yours, Mic—not about yours—but I trusted him, and if anything happens to me, he will get my effects to Alice—my wife!"

"*Your wife!*" I vociferated, giving such a start that I stabbed my neck with a thorn growing on a shrub near by until the blood trickled from the wound. "You are going stark, staring mad! First, in betraying the secret of your gold; and, secondly, in declaring yourself married. Why you are but a boy yet."

"Twenty-three six months ago," said he, with affected dignity.

"Yes, I know; but it is so odd that you never told *me!* Am I such an ogre?"

"Only you do give things such ludicrous turns, and I thought you might not sympathize with me in this."

"I do; but I think that you were rash in binding a young girl down like this and leaving her."

"I know; but hear me out, Mic. She was poor and friendless. Simply as Alice Blake she would be too proud to receive support from me; as Alice Blen she could not object."

"I understand all but that you should make a confidant of Steve."

"It was my dream."

"Am I then unworthy?" I asked, with wounded feelings.

"Oh, Mic! no; but you were in the dream."

"Always that dream, Charlie. Let's have it, and perhaps I will interpret it."

"It's more the impression left than the dream itself. That wasn't much. I was in a place like this; you were close beside me; morning was coming up in the east, and under the acacias I was dying with the dawn."

My heart sank like lead in my bosom. I see his face now, the handsome mouth drawn down with a pained expression, the eyebrows lifting with the expressive sigh that swelled his breast.

In vain I tried to shake off the deadly foreboding that had seized my soul. In vain I tried to go on with a steady, low conversation.

"We will make up the course of some little tributary of the Murray, and keep closely together, and six months from now, Providence willing, we will sail for the States."

"Providence willing," he responded, dreamily.

We looked after our horses, examined our weapons, sat closer together and proposed to catch some little repose. But the night rioted in noises. If there was one thing with a more melancholy note than another, that thing, whether bird or beast, led off, carrying the upper and distinct part. Gradually Charlie smoked himself to sleep. I was glad of this, and tried to follow his example. Midnight found my eyes wide open; hot, smarting and still vigilant. Now a weird, mournful cry cut through the other echoes. Again, after a brief time, the clear, short, first note, prolonging into an unearthly wail.

"Whist!" I aspirated; "'tis the dingo soaring through the other sounds, calling his fellow."

That was it, and now overcome with a sudden drowsiness, I leaned against a gum-tree and dozed, my last tangible thought being, 'I wish Charlie had heard it, to see if he thought it was the native dog."

I can't tell long how I had slept, one hour in an unconscious state being as a moment, and a moment as an hour. I was aroused by the sound of a terrible struggle, and for the space of several seconds I did not move, believing myself in an incubus state. I heard the crunching growl of some fierce animal, and other gasping, suffocating breathing. Believing that some animals were engaged in deadly contest I held my quiet unbroken, until my heart leaped into my throat at the agonized tone of a human voice.

"Rouse, Charlie! Seize your arms! They will be upon you in a minute!"

I only understood one phrase, "Rouse, Charlie!"

"Quick!" I gasped, for he was sleeping like a log; "we are attacked! Down among the acacias!"

He was as nearly bereft of reason as myself, but before we had had time to plan any particular mode of procedure, several dark forms leaped from the ferns and commenced the fiendish assault.

They had thought to find us sleeping, or I, in my confusion, had not had the opportunity to fire a telling shot from my rifle. Charlie had not seized his gun, and he had fired but one charge from his pistol, when he fell crashing back among the shrubs.

Then there leaped astride his prostrate body a wild, panting figure, whose only weapon seemed to be the long, thin knife that sliced the air so near my face once or twice that it smote my nerves like a flash of lightning.

"Hit out! hit home!" panted this hoarse voice, which I could not recognize; "fight, Mic, till you are dead! Fight then! It's Goff! robber! fiend! take that!" and the blue blade again hissed before my eyes, and one of the attacking party fell, discharging his pistol as he sank down. The ball took effect in the prostrate body of Charlie, as a low, fainting moan testified.

Then his fierce, unknown defender emitted so long, so fierce a yell that its blood-curdling echo hushed the barking, yelping and sawing reptiles and beasts in the bush. He leaped forward among the assailants, and I was fain to replace my pistol with a knife to prevent shooting him.

It was hand to hand and foot to foot. The cry, "'Tis Goff!" had been an instant and mighty revelation to me, and although I was dripping from more than one wound I echoed his yell, and as there were originally but five of the outlaws, and my having the first telling shot, we beat down three others, while the remaining one sought safety in flight.

Huddled down closely, watching for any movement in the bodies before us, listening for an approaching foe, our serious wounds hastily bound up with our handkerchiefs, we waited for the morning to look down upon that lone world.

"Steve, for God's sake!" I exclaimed in the first faint uplighting of the east, as we bent over Charlie's inanimate body, "how came you here? How did you know? What does it all mean?"

"You stole away, but you were watched. I took measures to overhear yours and Charlie's confidential plan to cross this tract of bush country to prospect. My business in the States had been that of a detective, and some time ago I set out investigating the matter of these mysterious robberies. I soon came to the conclusion that the villain was among us. I then began to look closer. Some trifling circumstances threw suspicion upon Goff. I watched, I proved him. Carelessly I kept about my work, but overheard their plan as soon as your absence had become known. They did not know your route, but he put that fierce bloodhound of his—that animal whom every one but himself hated—upon your scent, while they followed his call. Before nightfall I had had my mare tethered in an out of the way place, and I, too, on another track, followed the cry of the bloodthirsty brute. You know my mare, Mic; she cut him off, and I grappled him close where you lay. I thought to kill him with the first thrust, planning then to spring on our horses and dash back on another course, but the creature was a worthier foe than I reckoned. He fought like a jungle tiger, and so they came upon us. And," spurning the robbers' bodies with his foot, "Goff has escaped."

"Alice!" called Charlie, suddenly starting up to his elbow. "Steve will care for you. Yes, Alice."

"Poor Charlie!" exclaimed the bloody and begrimed miner, dropping on his knee and lifting Charlie's head to his breast; "I loved him like a brother, and I would have saved his life with my own. He will never know how much I loved him."

"Yes, Steve," murmured the wounded man; "yes, I do; but Alice! you have—her picture—her address—take—send—" His breast began to heave convulsively, his breath palpitated. "Mic—Steve," he whispered, being the only words which we could understand, and Steve held him closer, while I wiped the death-dew from his broad white forehead, and I glanced up in my companion's face with quivering features.

"His dream," whispered Steve.

Yes, it was dawn, and he was dying under the acacias.

CORRESPONDENTS' BUREAU

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS.—Single copies $3.00 per annum; four copies $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. Nine copies to one address for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time

REMITTANCES.—To prevent loss of money sent by mail, remittances should be made, if possible, in P. O. Orders, or in Drafts and Checks, payable to the order of the proprietor.

POSTAGE to any part of the United States is only twenty cents a year, or five cents a quarter, payable at the office of delivery. Subscribers in British America must remit twenty cents in addition to the subscription to prepay the American postage.

PARTIES are cautioned not to pay Subscriptions to Agents without receiving therefor a certified receipt, signed with the proprietor's autographic signature

☞ In ordering, the name and P. O. address should be clearly written. When a change of direction is desired, the *former* as well as the *present* address must be given.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—In Store. Who Won Him. My Burglar. Madam Delaregen's Sermon. In Disguise; or, A Hidden Foe. How to Pay the Rent.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

NAN.—We thank you for your contribution toward our "Sphinx" column, which we will be happy to use as we find occasion to do so. All contributions to this department are received with pleasure.

H. L.—If you return a ring to a gentleman whose attentions you are desirous of declining, and he refuses to take it back, you had better put it in an envelope and send it to him by mail.

D. R. A.—The family name of Queen Victoria is Guelph. She is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, neice of William IV. and grand-daughter of George III. Her family consists of four sons and five daughters; all living.

MAUD C. TEMPLE.—We can suggest no other plan than for you to tell the young lady just what you have told us and we have no doubt she will gladly consent to your wish. There can be not the slightest impropriety in the request, so far as we can see.

W. W. G.—It is a difficult matter for us to advise you on, but we may suggest as a suitable present to a gentleman going to be married, a handsome dressing-gown, a smoking cap, (if the wife that is to be will let him smoke,) a set of handkerchiefs, embroidered with his initials, or a dressing case.

PATTI.—Yes, we can get for you the song you name, on receipt of fifty cents. 2. The following are some of the fruits of the West India Islands: oranges, lemons, citrons, shaddocks, pomegranates, pine-apples, tamarinds, bananas, pawpaws, guavas, mammees, alligator or avocado pears, etc. 3. Ask the question of your medical man.

CANDIDATE.—Cadets are appointed to the Military Academy at West Point every year by the President of the United States and members of Congress as vacancies occur. The pay is $500 a year, and one ration per diem, about sufficient to pay for board and clothes. Unless, however, you have very influential friends, we cannot hold out much hope to you of being able to secure such an appointment.

H. W. H.—The great secret of happiness in married life is made up of a myriad little acts of compliance and surrenders on both sides. Matrimony is an enormous compromise. Perfect courtesy, an incessant guard upon the temper, that irritability shall not become a habit—these are amulets that will banish the evil spirits, and keep the home serene. And the touchstone to enable people to live thus is a sincere, deep and fond love for each other.

NELLIE.—A new way of preserving autumn leaves is as follows: Iron them fresh with a warm (not hot) iron, on which a little spermaceti has been lightly rubbed. This method preserves perfectly their lovely tints, and gives it a waxy gloss which no other one secures. The process is very rapid, and very agreeable, and no lady who has ever tried the old tedious and uncertain plan of pressing will ever again resort to it after once trying this new and better way.

LAURA.—It would be quite out of the question for us to comply with your wish and give you the names of the twelve greatest heroes, traitors, poets and novelists, "and the two greatest heroines, female traitors, poetesses and female novelists." Opinions on who were the greatest heroes, poets, etc., either male or female, differ very considerably; and it would be presumptuous for us to decide arbitrarily such a question. If you had asked us to mention, "the names of some of the greatest heroes, etc.," it would have been a comparatively easy matter.

W. J. W., JR.—There is no getting over figures, you know, and so you can tell your friend that he is wrong in his statement regarding the comparative number of persons living in a dwelling in New York city and Philadelphia. The last census demonstrated the fact that Philadelphia had about as many dwelling-houses as New York and Brooklyn combined, although these cities have nearly twice the population of Philadelphia. In New York, according to the census, there are fifteen persons to a dwelling; in Brooklyn, nearly nine, and in Philadelphia, six.

F. A. Y.—Yes, it would, indeed, be an excellent thing if in addition to, and along with the ordinary course of school instruction, the children, even of the rich, were always to be taught some real trade, some kind of handicraft, by which, should other things fail, they might at least secure themselves from want. The more things a man or woman can do, the more gates are open for them when they come to the hard places of life. And if the necessity never chances, it still broadens the mind and enlarges the sphere of our sympathies to understand as much as may be of the world's work and ways.

WILLIE ANGUS.—It is impossible to tell you at this time exactly "how many men there are at present in the United States Navy," but in a couple of months or so, when Congress re-assembles, we shall get full statistics from the report of the Navy Department. 2. California is, so far as at present known, as yet the greatest gold-producing State, although, of course, the supply of gold from that region has decreased of late years very considerably, though by no means exhausted. 3. We are sorry to say that a great deal of the MSS sent in to us requires correction at our hands before it is suitable for publication.

Y. A. M.—"Please tell me how to remove the green from off the bricks in our yard, and also what are the ingredients used to give the bricks a red color." To remove the green pour on boiling water, in which any kind of vegetables (not greasy) have been boiled. Do this for a few times and the green will disappear. To give the bricks the desired red color, make a solution of one ounce common glue and one gallon of water, and while hot put in a piece of alum the size of an egg, half a pound of Venetian red and one pound of Spanish brown. Try a little on a brick first of all, and let it dry; add color to it if too light—water, if too dark.

READER.—Joan of Arc was born about the year 1410 or 1411, in the little hamlet of Domremy, near the Meuse, and about three leagues south of Vaucouleurs, on the borders of Champagne. She was burnt at the stake, May 31, 1431, in the market place of Rouen; but whether her death is to be attributed to the Burgundians, who sold the Maid of Orleans; the English, who permitted her execution; the French, of that party who brought it about and perpetrated it; or the French of the opposite side, who made so few efforts to rescue her, to whom they owed their liberation and their national existence, is a matter about which historians disagree.

A. G. (Lewisburg.)—For an Æolian harp, make of very thin, soft wood, a box five inches deep, seven wide, and of the length of your window sill. Across the top, near each end, glue a strip of wood half an inch high and a quarter thick, for bridges. Insert two wooden pins in each end of the box, to wind the string around. Make a sound-hole in the middle of the top, and string the box with cat-gut, fastening the strings to the wooden pins and carrying over the bridges. The ends of the box should be increased in thickness where the wooden pins enter, by a piece of wood glued on the inside. Have three or four strings; tune them in unison, and place the box in the window.

R. A. S.—A young man over twenty-one years of age of course has an indisputable *right* to marry without consulting the wishes of his parents, or even in opposition to their wishes, if unfortunately such should be the case; but still he should be careful how he hurts their feelings in regard to such a matter, or, indeed, in regard to anything whatever. Your parents should always be treated with respect; and although you cannot allow them to prevent your marriage, you should be so kind and so respectful to them, that the wound which your difference of opinion may occasion may be somewhat mitigated by your considerate conduct. In your case, we think you would be justified in consulting the dictates of your own mind and heart.

C. F. S.—Since you are no better off now than you were three years ago, when you proposed to the young lady, and there is even less prospect now than there was then of your being soon in a position to justify your thinking of fulfilling your engagement, it is your duty as an honorable man to release her from it at once. You have no right to be going on, as you are now, keeping up the form of an engagement which you will probably not for many years be able to fulfil. It is unjust and cruel toward the lady, and as we have said, you should at once tell her exactly how you are situated and what very poor prospect you have of prospering in business sufficiently to warrant your asking her to be your wife. 2. The volume you speak of is, we regret to say, out of print.

M. F. S.—If you have the slightest reason to believe that the excuses which your lover makes for not fulfilling his engagement are mere subterfuges, and that while his love for you is not what it was, he hesitates about breaking off the engagement for fear of hurting your feelings, surely you do not require us to tell you what your course should be under such circumstances. We are sure you are a young lady of too much good sense, not to say spirit, to wish to marry a man who does not love you, and it would be better for you even to allow your heart to be broken than do such an unholy thing as force a man into a marriage against his will. But we don't believe that your heart will be broken by following out our advice, which is to tell him frankly that you see he has lost his love for you, and that you, therefore, release him from all further obligations to fulfil the engagement.

W. M. (Philadelphia.)—The following is an excellent recipe for making elderberry wine: The berries should be gathered ripe and dry, picked, bruised with the hands and then strained. Set the liquor by in glazed earthen vessels for twelve hours to settle; put to every pint of juice a pint and half of water, and to every gallon of this liquor three pounds of good moist sugar; set in a kettle over the fire, and when it is ready to boil clarify it with the whites of four or five eggs. Let it boil one hour, and when it is almost cold, work it with strong ale yeast, and turn it, filling up the vessel from time to time with the same liquor, saved on purpose, as it sinks from working. In a month's time, if the vessel holds about eight gallons, it will be fine and fit to bottle. We hope that this information will be of service, though we do not know how you have been making yours.

H. B. (Pittsburgh.)—Seventeen, in our opinion, is entirely too immature an age for a young man to marry. Even in the case of a young lady, it is, except in peculiar cases, much too young. A man should be from twenty-two to twenty-four before marrying, and a woman at least twenty. But in the case of a young man especially, at seventeen neither the body nor the mind is matured. Of course young men at seventeen often think they are very wise, but that is only a proof of their want of wisdom. At seventeen boyish attachments are very common, which manhood sometimes confirms, but too often is ashamed of. The physical frame, too, is just in the process of maturing, and its vigor is apt to be seriously and permanently injured by marriage. Our advice to you, therefore, is to put off matters for at least four years. As for long engagements, we are decidedly opposed to them, as we have more than once already said.

ZERO.—You have asked us some questions which no one can answer. Among them, "Who was the man in the Iron Mask?" This is a matter which has never been definitely settled to this day, though there have been various attempts at answering it. 2. Neither can we tell you "how many women have ever been hung in the United States." The one in particular to whom you allude, however, was not hung, though she richly deserved it. 3. Surely you cannot read the daily papers, or you could not ask "What was done with Marshal Bazaine?" The newspapers have been full for the past month with the details of his escape from the island on which he was confined. 4. We thank you for the enigmas and other contributions to "Our Own Sphinx," which you so kindly enclosed.

J. McF.—We fully sympathize with you in the indignation you feel toward the individual who has caused you so much trouble and annoyance by prying into your domestic affairs, and would advise you to take the bull by the horns, and tell him plainly to his face to mind his own business. It is rather rude treatment, but such persons have no very fine feelings about them, and require severe and caustic treatment to teach them what is right. There is a great deal of this Paul Pry spirit in the human heart, this wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal and private affairs of friends and neighbors. This spirit makes more mischief in the community than almost any other cause, and creates more malice, envy and jealousy than can be overcome in a century. If every person would only mind his own business there would not be half the trouble in the world that there is at present.

UNHAPPY.—The reason why your love affair came to such an unfortunate ending is that you are too young yet to know really what kind of a wife you want. Don't be in a hurry about the matter, and don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any serious damage to you. The truth is that before a man is twenty-two or twenty-three, at the earliest, he does not know what he wants himself. The more of a man you become, and the more manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with woman, the better wife you will be able to obtain. What women must admire to men is gallantry—not the gallantry of fops, but boldness, courage, devotion and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where his boots and brains win one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him.

JOSEPH.—You say that the young lady to whom you have been paying your devotions has refused you, but told you to look upon her only as a sister, and yet seems pleased to go with you to places of amusement. You ask "Don't you think she regards me with rather more than sisterly affection, and should I ask her again?" What a faint-hearted lover you are, to be sure, and how do you ever expect to win a fair lady? Did you ever go out fishing? If you did, you know how foolish it is to attempt to draw your fish in too suddenly, even after you have hooked it. Of course, it may be as she says, and she may really regard you with only a sisterly affection and nothing more; but you would be foolish to take that one rejection as a proof of it. We have heard of plenty of instances where men have been rejected half a dozen times, and then been accepted after all. We suspect that an unwise precipitancy was the cause of your failure in this instance, and that the lady was not so unwilling to have you, as to have you just *then*. So don't be discouraged; it will be time enough for you, when you have had your *third* refusal, to hang your harp on the willow.

MISCELLANEOUS.—E. R.—The course of true love rarely runs in smooth currents. You must be patient, and all may come out right in the end. J. M. W.—Your penmanship and composition are well fitted for the position to which you aspire. E. W.—Give the lady the inside of the walk when you offer your arm, but if a turn in the street brings her on the outside it does not matter. HARRY I.—Just say to her "Miss ——, may I have the pleasure of your company," at such or such an entertainment. R. F.—The area of the city of New York is about 22 square miles or 1400 acres. T. A. F.—The distance in Philadelphia from the Delaware to the Schuylkill, on Market street, is 11,360 feet 5 inches. H. J. R.—A person should possess a very good education to go upon the stage. Do you think yourself qualified in this respect? G. R. H.—We cannot advise you. The nature and value of presents depend entirely on the social position and means of the donor. F. R.—You may safely conclude that he has changed his mind, and you had better at once dismiss him from your thoughts. EXQUISUM, (Capitol City).—Anything will do, a flower or a paper; it need not cost hardly anything. ESS.—We should say "no," decidedly. R. M. W.—In beginning a correspondence it is the gentleman's place to write the first letter. ARDENT LOVE.—A boy of fourteen has no business to think of such a thing as love. What is the world coming to? H. E. S.—No man with any self-respect would persist in obtruding his attentions where they are evidently unwelcome. MINNIE.—You are doing very wrong in permitting a young man to be your escort on all occasions when you don't intend to marry him. E. L.—Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. INDIAN.—The name Apache is pronounced a-pa-cha; Sioux, soo. COUSIN.—The children of cousins are second cousins to each other. M. C. M.—If you have good reason to doubt the truth of the report, treat the gentleman as if it had never reached your ears. ELLA.—The story has not been published in book form, nor will it be. C. E.—We know nothing whatever regarding the firm you mention.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*